3 1761 05215448 1

# MODERATE DRINKING

PRESENTED

BY THE

EXECUTIVE

OF THE

WESTERN TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

178 M689

Library

of the

Academy of Medicine

Toronto

28517

Presented by

Dr. J. H. Elliott

1939.

B Shackleton
37 Aberdeen St
Sheffield

# MODERATE DRINKING.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, F.R.C.S.

# MODERATE DRINKING.

## SPEECHES

BY

1820-1904

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, F.R.C.S.;

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON, F.R.S.;

REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.;

EDWARD BAINES, ESQ.;

ADMIRAL SIR JAMES SULIVAN, K.C.B.;

AND

REV. H. SINCLAIR PATERSON, M.D.

*Delivered at a Public Meeting in Exeter Hall, London.*

LONDON:

S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

LIBRARY
MAR 9 2001
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

## SPEECH BY

## SIR HENRY THOMPSON, F.R.C.S.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I feel here that I hold a position in presence of this great assembly, as it appears to me, very much analogous to that which a preface or introduction holds in relation to a book, and in this case, I may certainly say, to a volume of rich and varied contents.

If there were no such contents, there would certainly be no preface.

Now, I don't know whether you read the preface to a book. I always do: some people never do, but I think that it holds a useful and subordinate position to the volume which we wish to know something about, and it is only because I thought I might fill such a useful and subordinate position

to-night that I accepted this post. You know when an author comes before the public, it is his first duty to say why a book is wanted at all, and that at the present day is a very useful thing to require of him—and, secondly, not only why the book is wanted at all, but why it is wanted on that particular subject which he has chosen to indite. So here, in coming before this meeting, which, after all, is but a large written book which we ask you to listen to, we are entitled to tell you first of all why we hold a meeting at all, and secondly, what is the express purpose of this one in particular. Then, I think I may say that this meeting is called to-night because there are many who believe—and they do not wish to be dogmatic—that there is a great deal of erroneous belief current in society relative to the value of alcoholic and fermented liquors as articles of diet; and secondly, as far as I understand the scope of the meeting, it has to do especially with the question of declaring whether, and if so, to what extent, it is desirable to have alcoholic liquor for any portion of our dietary at all. Such a question as that raised only a few years ago would have excited very great opposition. Nevertheless, there were some good and wise men who did raise that question, and I can certainly say that

in my recollection the attitude towards such has been very greatly changed. The views of the public now are very different from what they were in a period within my memory. I perfectly well remember as a boy in the country the time when every good host placed always sufficient liquor, and more than sufficient, before his guests at every dinner to carry them, as it was then said, under the table, and very often a good and agreeable guest did show his strong appreciation of the quality of his host's liquor by afterwards going there. Now all this is changed. We find that this part of the drinking usages at least has disappeared, and I find from my own experience—and I come in contact with a great number of people—that if in conversation as to the necessity of drinking I make the slightest remark, that some quantity which is sometimes called "moderate," a word which it is impossible to define—I say, if I make a remark that that quantity is too much, the individual to whom I am speaking instantly replies to me by such a phrase as this: "I assure you, sir, I never was the worse for liquor in my life. I take my moderate amount of wine, or beer, or what not; but I assure you I was never the worse for liquor in my life."

Now it seems to me that this current statement brings us precisely to the question of the evening. We ask—Is that so? Our friend says he takes his moderate amount of wine or beer, but he never was the worse for it in his life. Is that so? That is the point which we hope to determine—the question which we want to raise. It is that which we wish the public before all things to consider. We say we doubt whether in many cases—perhaps in any—it is really valuable in the dietary of healthy people, and we are not quite sure that for a great many it is not injurious.

But I wish to narrow the question a little further. We have no question to-night at all with drunken people. Their case requires no consideration of the kind we are giving to the other questions to-night. The time has entirely passed when we need discuss the matter of drunkenness. When I say that we have no question with the drunkard, I designate by that term the man who occasionally allows his senses to be lost entirely, and whose reason has gone because he has been taking alcoholic liquor; I will take that to be the sign of drunkenness.

Nor, again, have we any question with another class—the class of people who are never seen drunk, but who take, morning, noon, and night,

little sips of liquor, which perhaps do more damage to them than is done by the occasional outbreak of the other class. In any assembly I could go into now I could rarely find an advocate for either one practice or the other.

But I shall venture to narrow our issue a little further. I speak of another class of persons with whom also we have no controversy whatever—another class for whom I have infinitely more respect than for either of the two preceding—the class of well-to-do good people, who like life and enjoy it (as why should they not?) and who include within their enjoyments the consumption of a considerable quantity of good wine daily. You know we must remember, especially in dealing with this subject, that we have two totally different classes of consumers to deal with, and the nature of the arguments, and the manner in which they are put forward, must differ widely for these different classes. Thus there are certain people, to whom I have already referred, who swallow their dram whole, so to speak, as if they were glad to get rid of it, for the sake of the stimulation that follows. They have no liking or care for the thing they take so far as the palate is concerned. On the other hand, there is another class of men—cultivated men who move in the best

society, and form a large part of it—who enjoy their wine, who sip it with gusto, whose fine senses keenly enjoy all that belongs to the bouquet of the liquor, and so on. Now, I say, such persons are to be dealt with in quite a different way, and we have no controversy with them, and on this ground, because they know, admit, and say, that in consequence of their indulgence they may possibly not be quite so long lived. They have a twinge in the back, or an attack of gout, or something or other from time to time, but they pay that price and are content to do so. Well, there is no disputing with tastes, let them have their bargain. I am reminded of a very well-known character in society of whom we have heard in times past, who, having had many severe attacks of gout, and who, getting into years, and having a cellar of fine old port, upon which he drew somewhat considerably, was advised by his physician to give up the port, and for the future to drink a certain thin claret, not very expensive, which was known at that time by a certain name. Said the gentleman in reply to this suggestion: "I prefer my gout with my port, to being cured of my gout with that claret of yours." Very well, we have no controversy with that class, but I consider it an important one, and have, therefore,

given it so much prominence. But let us deal with ourselves fairly. Do we not all, if we do not in the matter of wine and spirits—do we not all, from certain motives, often do things which are not absolutely conducive to health, for some end to be gained? It may not be a sensual end, but yet you may sacrifice life and health. Is it not done every day in this great town for the purposes of ambition, of making money, and of gaining all sorts of things which, although they may have higher aims probably than the flavour of wine, should still not be the highest aims in life? Let us remember that there are many other modes of self-sacrifice besides that of drinking, and that if we are keen and careful in all that we do, we shall not find that we are doing always everything for the utmost preservation of our health. A large part of the problem of life, so far as its duration here is concerned, is solved when each can determine for himself what those pleasures are which can be enjoyed on the cheapest terms, and I think we shall find that certainly the enjoyment of alcoholic liquor, however delicious, is not, at any cost of health, an aim worthy to be attained. Still, I want you to bear in mind that life would be a very dull thing without some excitement; that I am by no means an ascetic; and that if I thought

the giving up of wine or spirits—though I am not a teetotaler, I never drink them—would pledge me in the least degree to an ascetic disposition, I should be tempted to begin to drink them to-morrow, because that is the last character which a man who desires to be of use in his time and generation ought to aspire to.

Our controversy, then, is with that great mass of people, as we take it to be, who believe that alcoholic or fermented liquors are good, necessary articles of diet for men, women, and children; and I am afraid we must confess that, however successful the cause of temperance may have been, that in dealing with these people we have still to deal with a very large proportion of the community indeed.

There are two kinds of argument, as it appears to me, that must be used in reference to these masses. The first argument I shall call the physiological one—the argument which is derived from known facts elicited from the examination of man's constitution, and from things in general around us; and the second argument is the argument from experience. There are now many thousands of persons who have tried both plans for themselves—not those who have tried only one, but those who have tried the two plans

of adopting alcoholic liquors for their daily dietary, and expunging them from it altogether. The result has now produced a large body of experience, and this forms the second class of argument of which you will no doubt receive fresh illustrations this evening. Now, in reference to the first part, or the physiological argument, I may, as "preface," appeal, I think, to a valuable "chapter" on the subject which shall follow me, and I shall not say much about it; but there are two points in relation to it to which I shall briefly ask your attention.

In asking you to listen to me on the first point, I do not do so with the least amount of diffidence, because I am satisfied that if my opinions do not altogether coincide with yours (and I may say at once that I do not come here to conceal those opinions, whatever they may be) I am quite sure that you will bear with me. I know you wish to hear from me what I believe to be the truth—and I know that what you desire before all things is that truth, whatever it may be. Well, then, first of all I believe that alcohol is of value to the human body, under certain exceptional circumstances, and I shall found upon that fact one of the strongest possible arguments you can desire for not bringing it into your daily food. I think

I can better illustrate what I mean, not by using any scientific phraseology whatever, but by telling you an incident which came under my notice. When not very long ago a well-known pedestrian laid a bet that he would walk fifty miles in a certain number of hours, I need not tell you that he exerted himself to the utmost to do it. You are aware that in training for such things, instead of taking a good deal of stimulant which used to be the plan formerly, they train now upon a very small quantity of stimulant, and I am not quite sure whether some do not prefer to discard it altogether. That is a sign of the times well worthy being noted. This man walked forty-eight miles, and was then knocked up. He declared he could not go any further. Whether that was loss of strength or loss of pluck, you shall see. What his backers advised him to do was to drink a glass of brandy. He drank it, walked the two miles, and won the bet. Now that is just what alcohol can do, and it is nearly all it can do. When a man has lost, not all his strength, but has lost all his nervous pluck—when it is the nervous system, and not the muscular one, which has come to grief, then it is, that with stimulant the man does this: he draws a little bill on the future, and it enables him to

win his bet. Now, I take it that it happens not unfrequently in life that we have to draw bills on the future. I will give you another illustration. You are too late for the train, and you are driving a valuable horse to save it, if possible. You spur and whip that horse, but I take it that you do not think by always whipping and spurring that horse you add to his longevity. Just so with alcohol. I take it—for now I speak of a matter of which I have not any experience—that if a man becomes involved in large pecuniary difficulties, he may go to certain dealers in money, under such circumstances, and pay what is called 60 per cent. for the accommodation he requires. That may, perhaps, at a large cost, tide him over the difficulty; but you must all know well enough that that is a condition upon which he cannot carry on daily business. Just so with alcohol.

Now, in this way, I sometimes (not often) turn it to very good account in medicine. I am here as a medical man, and I must tell you what my experience is, and it is not a small one on that matter. I do not ordinarily advise healthy people to take it, but I have known the time when a man who has been lying on the bed of illness has lost, not all his strength, but his pluck; when his nervous powers have faded away, and when he

does not care to live; and I know that under these and similar circumstances, if I can keep him afloat for a time when he is in danger of sinking, with something that goes down easily in the shape of alcoholic liquor, I have saved him; and I abjure you, as you love to further your cause of temperance, that you do not talk nonsense about putting any creature that we have out of our reach that we have within it, if we can ever do any good with it. The man of large experience finds this world full of unusual and unexpected incidents and conditions, and we want all our resources to meet them. You may call alcohol a "poison" if you will, I care not for the name; all valuable agents in medicine almost may be ranked as poison, no matter what your creed or ism in medicine may be. What I insist on is, do not tie my hand in the use of any one thing when I want to save a life, and I know I can do it. But do not I extract, for you and for myself, from this, one of the strongest possible reasons that we should not play with this two-edged tool in health? that we should reserve that force for service in the time of need?

And now for my second remark. It is one that should be known in conducting this controversy, and you will excuse me if I say, from what I have

seen of temperance literature, you do not sometimes take sufficient note of it. I want you to understand that there never was a greater truth than this, that the extent to which alcohol affects different people, varies very, very greatly with the individual. There is no question that some people can take alcoholic liquor to a large extent with a very considerable amount of impunity, while, on the other hand, there are those who can take little or none without dire effects, and there is a long range or scale of difference between them. That is my observation, from seeing so large a portion of human nature as I do, under, not healthy, but medical aspects. It will not do, as you will see presently, to make certain sweeping declarations relative to alcohol that cannot be sustained, and you can do no good in furthering this cause by doing so. What I want you to understand is, that there have been a certain number of people who can take wine for a long period, live a long life, and die healthy old fellows after all. The same holds good with other things, such as the smoking of tobacco. One man can smoke ten or twelve cigars in a day, and not be apparently much the worse—I do not say he is any the better—and another man cannot take the mildest cigarette without being ill.

We must not be too dogmatic. The more I see of life the more I see that we cannot lay down rigid dogmas for everybody. I will tell you who cannot take alcohol, and that is very important in the present day. Of all the people I know who cannot stand alcohol, it is the brain-workers; and you know it is the brain-workers that are increasing in number, and that the people who do not use their brains are going down, and that is a noteworthy incident in relation to the future. I find that the men who live indoors, who have sedentary habits, who work their nervous systems, and who get irritable tempers, as such people always do, unless they take a large balance of exercise to keep them right (which they rarely do)—I say that persons who are living in these fast days of ours get nervous systems more excitable and more irritable than their forefathers, and they cannot bear alcohol so well. The instrument is in a different state of tension altogether to what the instrument was formerly. Such existed, of course, in all time, but compared with the present were much more rare. It is now a delicate nervous system which the slightest touch will tell upon. It is not the old clumsy thing that required a thump to bring out the tone. If the man with an irritable nervous system worked his muscles

more, if he would take his ride or his drive, or his walking exercise more than he does, he would be better off. But in this London it is so difficult to do that, for, first of all, it takes a long walk to get out of the town; and if he did do so, he would not be in that irritable condition which the brain-worker—I do not mean merely the literary man, the man of science, but the man of business also—is generally in. But it is this difference which makes alcohol disagree more with the present generation than it used to do with a former one.

Now I will say a few words to you of that question which is put to me so often and so pointedly:—"If alcohol is so potent a poison, so dreadful a scourge as you make it out to be, how is it that those grand old fellows, our forefathers, lived to be seventy or eighty years, and died full of years, health, and honour—men who have been two or three-bottle men all their lives." That is put to me as a great puzzle; and it is often considered to be one. I have heard a contrary statement made, in reply, to this effect: 'Ah! yes, they had good constitutions in those days. The type of life has altered. There were giants in those days. We don't produce that sort of man now." That is not at all my reply,

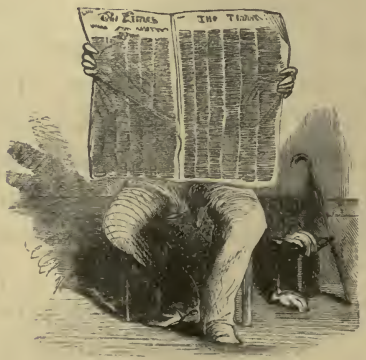
and I believe it is not the correct one. First of all I should say—My friend, you tell me of the survivors, what about the men who went down? There were grand old constitutions in those days, and they stood it uncommonly well; but there were plenty of weak ones. Why is life longer now than it used to be? Among many causes, one is that the usages of drinking are not so severe as they were. Hundreds of young men who sat by the side of those old fellows were made to drink equal glasses. The high tides of alcohol that those old men kept abreast of swept down many a young fellow. That is the first answer, and the second is that it is not the type of constitution that has changed, it is circumstances that have changed.

Let us just for one moment compare the life of a country squire of fifty or seventy years ago with the life of his modern prototype—the country gentleman of to-day. Why, our country squire in old time had little to think about besides a parish quarrel or two. He had no excitement whatever for his brain, unless it was the excitement of the hunting field. He read his county newspaper once a-week; the main part of which was the state of the market, and that part which records the births, marriages, and deaths—

and he might possibly have through the county member a frank once or twice in the shape of a letter brought by a postman who came about so often to deliver it. And last, and by no means least, he inherited his religion and his politics from his father equally with the family acres, and never had to trouble his head about either of them. Does that make no difference? Is that anything like the condition of to-day? Why, your modern country gentleman must have every morning at his breakfast-table the latest news from every Court in Europe, or he will not be satisfied. He will read all this, and much more, while he swallows his breakfast. He has fifty letters to answer a-week, and I do not know how many telegrams. He must have opinions on every point in religion and politics, or he won't hold his own with society in the country, or in town where he must go to spend a part of the year; and he must know all the pros and cons about a hundred things which never crossed the tranquil brain of his grandfather. I cannot conceive a greater difference between the two conditions, and now you will see how my assertion about the brain-workers tells; and why all these men, who never troubled their brains, who had nothing whatever to excite them, drank thus

freely and lived thus long, while the modern man in the country is as much a brain-worker as any man in town.

Now, then, I reply, lastly, and once for all: if you want to be a two-bottle man, go and live as your forefathers did—*if you can.*



DR. B. W. RICHARDSON, F.R.S.

## SPEECH BY

## DR. B. W. RICHARDSON, F.R.S.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., who was received with loud cheers, said:—Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen,—It is one of the peculiarities belonging to those who take part in public affairs, and speak on questions such as this in public, that their sayings are frequently changed in a manner sometimes to their disadvantage and sometimes to their advantage. At the present time, I stand fortunately in the position of a public speaker who has had a saying changed greatly to his advantage. In the *Times* of the 3rd of February you will find a report of a speech made by a gentleman whom our friend Mr. Sawyer most admirably describes as one of the best

members of the Parliament of this great country. You will find Mr. Walter speaking on the subject of temperance at Newbury, and quoting me to this effect—that I have said, "Alcohol is the devil in solution." Now, ladies and gentlemen, I assure you I have never said so good a thing. I have called alcohol a *bonâ fide* devil, but I never expressed so happy a thought as that alcohol is, what it is—the devil in solution. More than that, I notice that Mr. Walter accepts the proposition; so I am doubly grateful to him for correcting or improving what I have said, and for accepting it. I think that this is a text most proper to the present occasion—for it is one of the arts of the devil, as we know him, always to approach by slow and steady degrees towards his great objects. When we read of him in that wonderful record, which, whether we take it as symbolical or real, matters not; when we read of his first appearance on this planet, we find him talking to the common mother of mankind in this most beguiling, artful manner. He does not, while they are discoursing about death, tell her of all the horrors of death; he says not a word of great plagues, of great battles, of suicides, of murders, of hangings, of broken hearts, following the dead. Not at all: all that is hidden. But when the woman says,

"If I partake of this I shall die"; he says, in reply, "No, you shall not *surely* die, but you shall be as gods knowing good from evil." Now, it strikes me that the "devil in solution" always appeals to man in that same manner. He does not take the young drinker, who is going in for moderate drinking, to the picture of extreme drinking, drawn by our illustrious and veteran artist, George Cruikshank, by my side—he does not show to the youth that wonderful picture, and point to the lunatic asylum, to the man tied to the whipping-post, to the victim suspended from the gallows: not at all; but he begins by telling him that a little drop won't hurt—that one glass will do no harm; or he speaks to him in such merry-like language as this:

> "Wrap yourselves up, and make yourselves warm,
> A little good liquor will do you no harm."

Or, precisely as he did to our first mother, he insinuates that "wine makes a mortal half divine." Thus he leads on the man; and so, I say again, I think this is a proper text for this occasion.

Ladies and gentlemen, my experience is that moderate drinking is the moral mainspring of the whole organisation of drunkenness and all the crime that results from it. When we look at a great river, we think not, perhaps, at the moment

of the rivulet from which it came, and over which we in childhood may have leaped; but that great river sprang from the rivulet. When we look at our public-houses, from which the drunken men over whom we expend so much pity pour forth, we are apt to forget that those houses are but the outlets of the rivulets of the great stream of intemperance which had their origins in the million little centres we call the domestic shrines. We must approach moderate drinking, then, and speak of it, and think of it, as something which is the cause of all the evil; and this League did never do a better thing than when, at the instance, I believe, of its indefatigable secretary, Mr. Rae, it suggested that we should tackle this question from the simple point, with the knowledge that if we can suppress the evil at its source, we shall suppress it altogether. There are many pleas in favour of moderate drinking. Moderate drinking is, indeed, a very plausible position to defend, and in the future remarks I shall make I shall try to expose certain of these pleas, and show where they are wrong.

And first, I notice that the moderation argument is plausible on this point, that it asserts that alcohol is a necessity—a necessity as a food for man. It never presumes to assert that it is

necessary as a food for any inferior animal—but it says that for man it is a necessity, and that he must take it as a food. I make a very clean breast on this matter at all times. I freely confess that many men took the lead of me in showing the fallacy of this argument: that they learned the fallacy from their own experience, from their own moral sense; while others before me also showed it up scientifically, amongst whom is Dr. Edmunds, who is with us to-night. We thus enjoy the light of experiment, as well as of experience, and so we are doubly lighted towards what is the truth; and although many of you may have read what I am about to say, yet I shall not, I hope, weary you if I somewhat repeat myself, and so speak to the larger public outside. I am recording a matter of history—of personal history—on this question when I say that I for one had once no thought of alcohol except as a food. I thought it warmed us. I thought it gave additional strength. I thought it enabled us to endure mental and bodily fatigue. I thought it cheered the heart and lifted up the mind into greater activity. But it so happened that I was asked to study the action of alcohol along with a whole series of chemical bodies, and to investigate their bearing in relation to each other.

And so I took alcohol from the shelf of my laboratory, as I might any other drug or chemical there, and I asked it in the course of experiments extending over a lengthened period:—"What do you do?" I asked it, "Do you warm the animal body when you are taken into it?" The reply came invariably, "I do not, except in a mere flush of surface excitement. There is, in fact, no warming, but, on the contrary, an effect of cooling and chilling the body." Then I turn round to it in another direction, and ask it, "Do you give muscular strength?" I test it by the most rigid analysis and experiment I can adopt. I test muscular power under the influence of it in various forms and degrees, and its reply is, "I give no muscular strength." I turn to its effect upon the organs of the body, and find that while it expedites the heart's action it reduces tonicity, and turning to the nervous system I find the same reply; that is to say, I find the nervous system more quickly worn out under the influence of this agent than if none of it is taken at all. I ask it, "Can you build up any of the tissues of the body?" The answer again is in the negative. "I build nothing. If I do anything, I add fatty matter to the body, but that is a destructive agent, piercing the tissues,

destroying their powers, and making them less active for their work." Finally, I sum it all up. I find it to be an agent that gives no strength, that reduces the tone of the blood-vessels and heart, that reduces the nervous power, that builds up no tissues, and can be of no use to me or any other animal as a substance for food. On that side of the question my mind is made up—that this agent in the most moderate quantity is perfectly useless for any of the conditions of life to which men are subjected, except under the most exceptional conditions which none but skilled observers can declare.

Next, I turn round to the facts of experience. I think—Well, as I have come to the above conclusion, I will experiment on myself. I do so. I gave up that which I thought warmed and helped me, and I can declare, after considering the whole period in which I have subjected myself to this ordeal, I never did more work; I never did more varied work; I never did work with equal facility—with so much facility; I never did work with such a complete sense of freedom from anxiety and worry as I have done during the period that I have abstained altogether. Let this fallacy, then, as to the necessity of moderate drinking be removed. But alcohol is said to be

necessary for the happiness of man. "It cheers the heart," it is said; "it lifts the man for a time above himself, and makes him joyous and brilliant, happy and merry." Well, there is a mad kind of excitement, if that be happiness, which alcohol brings; but who is there who has gone through that who forgets the morning that follows? I can assure you all, as my experience—and I doubt not it is yours also—that there is nothing like the refined happiness, the consistent happiness, the happiness under varied circumstances—I had almost said the happiness under adverse circumstances—the happiness which follows from totally abstaining from alcohol.

There is another fallacy connected with moderate drinking to which I specially wish to refer, and that is to its undefinability. What is moderate drinking? What is a moderate dose of the "devil in solution?" I have asked this question of a great many people, and I have written down a few notes of certain persons who declare themselves very moderate. I will not give names, but I will put them down as B, C and D. B is a moderate man, and, what is more, he is a rigidly regular man. He takes one pint of malt liquor at dinner; he takes one or two whiskies at bed-time, and he takes half-a-pint of wine regularly at

dinner. I find that represents 6 ozs. of alcohol; and then I turn to the physiological side of the question, and I find the alcohol does this for the man—it makes his heart beat 18,000 times a-day beyond what it ought to do, and it makes that unfortunate heart raise what would be equivalent to 19 extra tons weight one foot from the earth. That is the effect of his moderation. I turn to another moderate man, who says he is "very moderate." He tells me he takes one pint of cooper—I don't know what that is, but it is what he says—(it is whispered to me that cooper is a mixture of stout and bitter ale; but in a teetotal meeting we have no business to know these things). He says he takes a pint of cooper; one "B. and S." in the course of the day, if he feels flagging; a pint of claret at dinner—for that he considers the soundest wine—and a couple of glasses of sherry or port with dessert. That man takes at least 4 ozs. of alcohol a-day, the physiological effect of which is to force his heart to 12,000 extra beats, and to make it do about 14 foot tons of extra work. I pass to another man, who is called "a very, very moderate drinker." He is really moderate. He takes two glasses of sherry at luncheon and one pint of claret at dinner. That would represent 3 ozs. of alcohol, and would

give 10,000 extra strokes to the heart, and 9 extra foot tons of work. Perhaps you will say, "If the heart beats 100,000 times in the course of the twenty-four hours, this is not a great additional labour put upon it—in the latter case, at all events." I have calculated it in a simple way. In a ton there are 35,840 ozs. Now, suppose you had this gross weight of nine tons divided into 9 oz. weights before you, and you used your hand, which is not quite so strong as your heart, or your hand and arm, for the purpose of raising each weight of nine ounces one foot 35,840 times, you would find, in the course of twenty-four hours, that your arms would be paralysed with work before you had got to the end of the labour. Yet that is the extra work we put upon the heart when we indulge in moderate drinking to this comparatively small extent.

There is another evil connected with moderate drinking, which is this, that it induces false and bad automatic acts. Men do things in drinking, and repeat drinkings without ever intending to do so, from a habit or automatic movement. I was driving into Canterbury in an open carriage in the course of my holiday last summer, and was sitting on the box by the driver. The horse stopped at an inn, and the driver said, "If you

were to drive past this place twenty times a-day, the horse would invariably stop here." I said, "Why?" "Because always at this place we give him a pint of beer." That was a good representation of what men constantly do. Men are accustomed just to go near a public-house until they cannot pass it. It becomes automatic to go in, and all through their lives they fall into that defined habit. Moderate drinking leads on to that, and in such respect it is extremely bad, not only in regard to the individual himself, but because it induces a habit which passes from the generation that is, into that which is to be.

I see another evil in moderate drinking, that it generates a taste and a desire for alcohol—and here I have made some research of a physiological and of a psychological kind, which is extremely interesting. So long as any portion of alcohol remains in the body and has to be eliminated, though the quantity be ever so minute, the desire for the continuance of alcohol is present, and present in the strongest degree, so that we may say of a confirmed alcoholic, he is never safe from the desire until the whole of the alcohol has been eliminated.

There are still more serious influences. There is the influence on the mind. Why, not one

of you can wear a ring, a married woman, for instance, and have it taken away, without feeling the sense that it is still there, or that it ought to be there. Such is the effect of the impression. So it is with regard to alcohol, even taken in the most moderate way possible; it generates the impression for it, and it is one of the most determined banes of those who begin by indulging in its moderate use, that they must resort to it as if it were a support. Now, all this is unnecessary, and this taste is unnecessary. If I were to take you through the whole world of life from the first development of life in the minute amœba floating simply in its fluid, onward through the whole range of animal life up to man, and if I were to expound to you the organisation of all that life, I should show you that Nature, in her supreme and divine wisdom, has arranged for no form or kind of fluid support for living organisation except water. Further, I should show you that when anything else is introduced, immediately the organisation begins to change. Therefore, when a man introduces alcohol to take the place of water for the building up of his body, for the constitution of his organic parts, for the arrangement of his thoughts and actions, he becomes a new organisation—an alcoholic organisation, differing in

temper, in power, in mode of thought, in characteristics of the most important kind, from that which he would be if he let nature have her supreme control.

Once more, this system of moderate drinking is, to my mind, injurious in that it keeps up in the minds of those who indulge in it one persistent course of self-deception. I am quite sure there is not a man or woman who indulges in alcohol, even slightly, who, if he or she retires, shuts out the world, locks up the senses, and lets no passion enter to warp the reason—I say there is not one who thinks over the matter in this way who remains unconvinced in his own inner soul that he can do perfectly well without strong drink, and that whenever he indulges in it for the sake of the support it is reputed to give, or for any other reason whatever, he is simply deceiving himself, and is taking that which he knows to be of no service whatever. It cannot be good that this system of self-deception should go on, and we, in opposing its beginnings, are doing the greatest work towards the conversion of man to sober and wholesome thought. To sum up, ladies and gentlemen, I say that the agent which employs and carries with it a false necessity, a false idea of happiness, false action, false organisation, false

belief in self, self-deception, is a bad agent. No priest, no physician, no poet, no painter, ever clothed the devil in more telling attributes of evil. We are sometimes told it is fanatical, it is unpractical, it is contrary to the interests of individual men, or classes of men, to speak these things and oppose alcohol. Be it so. In another age it will be a wonder that such arguments as those which we are obliged to use were ever necessary to convert an unwilling world. In the meantime, undeterred by any of those specious pleas, it is our duty, whether it be called fanatical or philosophical, practical or unpractical, advantageous to class interests or opposed to them, to unite, body and mind, heart and soul, in suppressing this evil at its root, and in endeavouring to make this earth something nearer heaven, by pulling down from his high place the demon who still reigns so triumphantly in the sphere in which we live.

REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

## SPEECH BY

## REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

The Rev. Canon FARRAR, D.D., who experienced a hearty reception, said: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen,—When I had the honour of being asked to take part in this meeting, I was told that its object was to consider the physiological aspects of the temperance question, and my chief reason for accepting the invitation was that I might hear the remarks and the researches of those two gentlemen, so pre-eminent in their professions, who have just addressed you. It is quite obvious that to the physiological aspect of the question, neither you nor I can give any independent contribution. To give any original remark on the subject, would require an expert

capable of verifying the researches, and of sifting the conclusions of men of science, who on the subject are not yet agreed; but at the same time, as Dr. Richardson has just said, we at any rate can each of us contribute to this subject the results of an individual experiment, and all that I have to furnish to this part of the question is only one little grain of evidence; and yet grains of evidence contributed by a large number of persons must not be despised when we remember that, after all, it is the little grains of sand upon the seashore that form at last the sole efficient barrier to the raging of its waves. Now the only individual grain of experience that we can contribute, is the fact that in so far as any of us have retrenched the very moderate amount of alcohol which many allow themselves, we have distinctly gained by doing so. If, then, we come to the conclusion—as we do—that we may try the experiment without any danger, I think that it is one worth trying. Now, in prisons and penitentiaries, thousands of people are yearly admitted who may have been in the habit of intoxication probably from their earliest years, and from whom, from the moment of their entrance into the prison, every drop of alcohol is withdrawn—and what is the result? The men, so far from suffering in health, gain in power and

force, and the women recover that bloom which often has entirely vanished from faces that have been sodden by intemperance and crime. Every one of us, therefore, can, without any sort of danger, try this experiment; and if we can try the experiment, without *danger* to health; if there be reason to think, as we have heard from two such eminent authorities, that we can try the experiment with a positive *gain* to health; if by doing so we can contribute a little, be it ever so little, to a noble cause, and do a little, be it ever so little, towards dispelling the nightmare of intemperance that rides upon the breast of England like its deadliest sin—then I do think that it is worth the while of every reasonable and right-minded man to consider whether, instead of turning away from this subject, as they so often do, with disdainful impatience, they might not rather go up into the tribunal of their own consciences, and ask themselves, deliberately and calmly, whether by a small and insignificant sacrifice they might not perhaps do something to further for the benefit of their fellow-creatures an unspeakable blessing, and do something to save from some of their fellow-creatures an intolerable harm.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, it is with deliberate and entire sincerity that I call this a small and

insignificant sacrifice. In pamphlet after pamphlet, and article after article, I see that total abstainers are sneered at and railed at as though they assumed to themselves an amount of Pharisaic virtue. (Here let me pause to say that I greatly prefer the title "total abstainer" to the wretched and ridiculous word, however much it may have been honoured, of "teetotaler.") Now, so far as that charge has any ground at all, I think we may say in reply, Do not misunderstand us. It may be true that some of us have used language simply from the intensity of our feelings —or from our conviction that nothing but enthusiasm can break the bonds of a colossal tyranny— language which sounds, perhaps, laudatory of ourselves and condemnatory of others: but, so far as we have done so, we hope that that language may be attributed simply to our conviction of the dreadfulness of the necessity, and to our conviction of the sacredness of our crusade; and so far from thinking that by becoming total abstainers we have done anything at all great or to be proud of, we are quite convinced that you would not bring that objection against us if you would turn to the subject your unprejudiced and deliberate attention; for when you had faced the overwhelming amount of evidence which is now so easily

accessible to all, you would be ready at once to join us in so trivial and effective a self-denial. I call it a "trivial self-denial" because I am sure that no total abstainer would so libel the manhood of myriads of moderate-drinkers as to believe that if they thought it right they would find any sort of difficulty in giving up what is at the best a needless and perhaps not very noble luxury. I call the self-sacrifice "effective" because, as Sir Wilfrid Lawson says—the mitred heads of the whole of the episcopate together could not discover any cause for drunkenness except drinking—and if every total-abstainer was only able in different ranks of life to win over a few others by moral suasion and by manly argument to his own view of the case, then the national sin which now sullies the name of England would soon become an extinct and a forgotten shame.

But, ladies and gentlemen, leaving, therefore, on one side altogether the physiological aspect of the question, I do think that there are two strong reasons why we may begin to assume and to assure people that since alcohol is not, at any rate, as Dr. Richardson and Sir Henry Thompson have just demonstrated, a food, it had better be regarded either as an exceptional luxury or an occasional medicine; those two reasons—and they

are all that I shall dwell upon to-night, without entering upon the great field of the subject of temperance and all the reasons for it—are public example, and personal security. I think there is enough in these two grounds to persuade us that total abstinence is an absolute necessity for some, that it is a positive duty for a great many, and that at least as "a council of perfection" at any rate in the present time, and in the present aspect of a great national struggle—it may be desirable for most to give up the habit of moderate drinking, and to take to total abstinence as the general habit of their lives. Now, I do think that there are circumstances at present which would give exceptional force in this matter to a public example. I am not going over the too-familiar ground of those horrors—horrors disgraceful and unutterable—horrors foul as the reek of the gin-palace, and glaring as its nightly gas—which are the direct consequence, the normal result, of the ramifications of this immense traffic, and of the multiplication of every conceivable facility for propagating what we believe to be a dreadful peril, and perpetuating what we know to be a fearful curse. I think if we are able to resist the evidence given us by gaoler after gaoler, by clergyman after clergyman, by magistrate after magistrate, no

evidence on this subject is likely to convince us at all.

I must confess that it is only familiarity with the subject that can at all impress us with its magnitude. In the providence of God, my own life has been passed in quiet country places, and it was not until I came to London, and not until my attention was very deliberately turned by circumstances to it, that I was at all aware of how frightful was the degradation, and how terrible was the curse, which was at work in the midst of us. It seems to me nothing more nor less than a Fury, withering and blighting the whole fame of England. Every week, in the organ of the United Kingdom Alliance, there is published a ghastly column called "Fruits of the traffic." It is no invention; it is no rhetoric; it is no exaggeration; it is nothing that is disputable; nothing that can be in the least questioned; it is nothing in the world but a series of horribly prosaic cuttings from the accidents and offences, the police and the criminal reports of other newspapers, and it records calamity after calamity, and crime after crime, disease, shipwrecks, conflagrations, murders, the kicking and trampling of women, the maiming and murdering of little children, all of which are

directly attributable to the effects of drink, not by any inference of the editor, but by the indignant declarations of judges, by the reiterated testimony of witnesses, and by the constant remorseful confession of the poor criminals themselves. Are we, then, ladies and gentlemen, simply, as it were, to pass from chamber to chamber of this great temple of abominations and look at what we see as though it were a cabinet of curiosities, and gaze coldly on all these scenes of shame and horror which are painted upon its walls? Or are we to be aroused by these facts merely to talk the vague language of philanthropy, and to sigh over wretchedness, while we do not so much as lift a single finger to help the wretched? We send abroad bishops and chaplains and missionaries, and at home build national and Sunday schools; we multiply holidays; we improve wages; we endow churches;—and what happens? Our bishops and chaplains and missionaries bear witness, and cry to us from distant lands, that the contagion of this national sin follows them even there—that it often blights into extermination the poor ignorant savages, and that in other countries it makes the more thoughtful and polished heathen turn away with scorn and hatred from the very name of a Chris-

tian. And at home this same potent spell of sorcery frustrates our education, empties our churches, throngs our prisons, and crowds our penitentiaries. It makes perfectly useless—nay, it turns even into a bane, our shortened hours of labour, and makes improved wages, at which otherwise we should rejoice with all our hearts, a ruin and not a boon.

Well, now, if these be the results, even if we shrink from so terrible and fearful an expression as that which Dr. Richardson has at once appropriated and repudiated of calling alcohol "the devil in solution," I am quite sure that we should not shrink from saying that it has a very great deal of bad spirits in reality, and that whether "alcohol" or "Apollyon" be the true name for that multitude of fiends, they would all of them bear testimony with one mouth, and exclaim—in the language of the demoniac of Gadara—"Our name is Legion, for we are many." Now, ladies and gentlemen, what is it, then, that, under these circumstances, we ought to do? Some people will say, "Build better houses for the poor; give them improved means of amusement; pass the Permissive Bill, try the Gothenburg system, withdraw the grocers' licences, sternly punish adulteration, provide lighter beverages; try to bring

public opinion to bear upon the supporters of the trade, so that they may rigidly, in God's sight at least, regulate, and, if possible, minimise it within what are supposed to be its absolutely necessary limits." Well, try these and thousands of other things (and may God speed every possible effort to combat this colossal evil), but, at any rate, do not let us waste time in mere talk. Let us, at any rate, try to do something. Would to God that the millionaires in England, of whom there are now a considerable number, instead of trying to thrust themselves into the ranks of the landed aristocracy, might only have their hearts moved to try rather to make to themselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, and to aim at the infinitely nobler and better end of lavishing their wealth to do all the good they possibly can in this sternly practical direction to millions of their fellow-creatures.

While, in the meantime, the Legislature is trying experiments; while conferences are sitting; while congresses are talking; while the requisite thousands are being collected; while efforts are being made to meet this immense and powerful monopoly, all this while thousands and tens of thousands of our stalwart men and fine lads, and our young girls, are simply reeling along that

path of fiery pitfalls which ends in the drunkard's grave; and therefore, let us all try to do something, and if we can do nothing else, we can do this one very little thing—viz., show by our personal example how easy a thing it is, and how beneficial a thing it is, to abstain from that which in extreme moderation may have produced no injurious results, but which is most fatal and most ruinous to thousands who begin with that extreme moderation, and are led by it to fatal excess as by a direct and yet most treacherous avenue.

And now, if I am not trespassing too long on your attention, I should like to say one word on the other aspect—viz., that of personal security; and, ladies and gentlemen, you must not be either startled or incredulous at my saying anything about it. You may with perfect truth say that all your life long you, like thousands of others, have daily drunk perhaps one or two glasses of wine or beer, and yet have never known in your lives, by personal experience, what it is to exceed moderation, and that may be perfectly true. And yet I do think that if you were to look round you—it may be in your own family circles, and it may be in the range of your personal acquaintance—you would probably find many very grievous cases which would lead you to doubt the

advisability of the process of moderate drinking; in fact, I am certain that if this great meeting were polled, and asked whether they knew of any one man or woman whom drink had ruined, the answer would be that there was not one, or scarcely one, house in which there was not one dead. Certainly I myself have known many who have been ruined in this way. They began without any thought of excess whatever. I dare scarcely summon either from the living or from the dead these ghosts and shadows of what once they were in order that they may warn us from this peril by the waving of their wasted hands; still, I may distantly and dimly describe one or two cases only which I have known in my own rank of life. I think of one young gallant officer, brave as a lion, liberal as the light of day—a man whose name was once not unknown in his country's service, whose career was suddenly cut short, and who died a disgraced and ruined man. I think of the case of another, a young University student of brilliant attainments, of unusual promise, who suddenly sank, from the same cause, to destitution; who used to write begging letters most abject in tone, and yet written in Latin so choice and so eloquent that few could have surpassed it, and who died, disowned by his family, in the ward

of a London hospital, of delirium tremens. I think of a lawyer, whose practice once bade fair to be magnificent, indulging in such "pleasures," sinking into dubious practices, losing his place and influence in society, and dying a dishonoured man. I think of another—a clergyman, very eloquent and widely known, whose presence was everywhere desired, who died miserably, with a mysterious blight upon his name, from the same cause. And I could go on giving many more cases which have come under my own immediate knowledge. There is very near my own parish a common lodging-house, where, if you entered, you might be met by people who would address you in French, or German, or Italian, or even Latin, or Greek—men who were men of rank and position, men of culture, captains in the army, teachers in the University, but who, by this cause, have sunk down to the degraded level of guilty sufferers.

Well, now, what is the moral of these facts? Surely it is that alcohol, whether you call it a poison or not, has something very peculiar in its nature: that there is about it a sweetness and seductiveness, a sort of serpentile spell of attraction, which gradually draws men on while they do not know it, and which at last they find them-

selves unable to resist. They begin by admiring the "orient liquor in the crystal glass," of the enchanter, and they go on drinking their wine day by day, and at last the hour of misfortune comes when they are tried by toil or disappointment, when they are tried by sorrow or bereavement, and perhaps on that account alone they drink too much; and, although they began life as gay, and proud, and as happy as any of us, they are now sitting amid the entanglement of terrible temptation—amid the very ruins of their former state. Coleridge says: "Evil habit first draws, then drags, and then drives." Or, as an eminent French writer expresses it, "We are insensibly led to yield, without resistance, to slight temptations which we despise, and gradually we find ourselves in a perilous situation, or even falling into an abyss, and then we cry out to God, 'Why hast Thou made us too weak to rise,' and in spite of ourselves, a voice answers to our consciences, 'If I made thee too weak by thine own power to rise out of the gulf, it was because I made thee amply strong enough never to have fallen into it.'" Oh! do not let any of us be so proud as to think we should be safe. If men of the highest genius have fallen under this temptation, if even an

Addison, a Burns, a Hartley Coleridge, and hundreds of others, have been tempted by the excess of their intellectual work to rekindle the vestal flame upon the altar of Genius, by the unhallowed fires of alcohol, I, for one, will not be the man to abstain from saying to any one,—Let him that thinketh he standeth—however superior he may think himself from the same possibility of temptation—still let him beware lest he fall.

These, then, seem to me to be sufficient reasons, both on the grounds of public example and personal security, why every one of us might, with perfect rectitude and perfect honour, and without any fanaticism or any folly, try an experiment which can do us no harm, which may do us great good, and which, at any rate, may be the means of enabling us to do good by our example to thousands of others. Our leading journal told us the other day that speeches on education were tiresome to fatuity. Be it so. It is not possible without persistence and without enthusiasm to carry on a battle like this. Let our speeches be tiresome and fatuous so long as they be in the slightest degree necessary to the permanence of the glory of England and the preservation of thousands of her sons; however dull our speeches may be, I take it that they are not

by a long way so dull as the monotonous wail of misery that rises from thousands of homes which drunkenness has made as intolerable as a wild beast's lair; and however wearisome our speeches may be, I am quite sure that they are not one tithe so wearisome as the pauperism, and crime, and degradation which are handed on from generation to generation, and against which we seem to strive in vain. It may seem to be in vain, but it will not be in vain. The rock which shatters and flings back the assault of the billows, is gradually undermined by the flowing wave, and as long as we hear the incessant lapping of the water on the crag, we may believe that the tide of public opinion is rising and rising—rising by these very means, rising by these very meetings, rising by these tedious and fatuous speeches—until I venture to prophesy it shall have risen so high, that before another twenty years is over it will have resistlessly swept away the strong rock of opposing interests. It will have risen so high, that it will have utterly overwhelmed, under fathoms of national shame and national indignation, that sunken reef of vice on which we are now suffering so many a gallant and noble vessel to crash, and to be irremediably shipwrecked.

EDWARD BAINES, ESQ.

## SPEECH BY

## EDWARD BAINES, ESQ.

Mr. Baines said: Sir Henry Thompson, ladies and gentlemen, the judicious officers of the National Temperance League have wisely determined that you should not be detained to a late hour, and they have done so by intimating to the speakers very delicately how long a time they may, for the general convenience, employ in their speeches. Most heartily approving of a recommendation of this kind, and determined not in my own case to infringe upon it, I think that my wisest course would be to condense my thoughts and facts into a small compass of writing, and to read, if I might be permitted, my own personal experience, which will be like that grain of sand to which

Canon Farrar has alluded, and of which a sufficient number built up forms a barrier that will be absolutely impregnable. I therefore will, with the permission of the chairman of this meeting, venture to read a very short paper; and I especially desire the kind and impartial consideration of those sincere friends of temperance who would not object to be called or to be considered moderate drinkers. There are scores of thousands of good men and women, rich and poor, who, if they could really believe that alcoholic liquors were absolute superfluities, and also dangerous as well as useless, would discontinue their use. I remember when I thought a glass of good sherry must necessarily help digestion, and that a glass of old port must pour strength into the veins. Happily for myself, I was led to put the matter to the test of fair experiment; and it will be in accordance with the object of this meeting that I should tell the result. Wishing to save a man addicted to drink from impending ruin, and knowing that persuasion would be useless without example, I resolved to try total abstinence for a month. Finding myself just as well at the end of the month as at the beginning, I repeated the experiment for a second month, and with the same satisfactory result. It then occurred to me that

it would be useful to know how long I could dispense with strong liquor without affecting my health and strength. But I had to wait a long time for the final conclusion of this experiment, and I have not yet arrived at it. More than nine-and-thirty years have passed, and I declare that I have the same consciousness of sound health, though not of youthful elasticity, in the year 1877, that I had in the year 1837. I find that He who made the human frame made it so wisely that it does not need the stimulus of beverages which, when taken in excess, blind the reason, inflame the blood, sow the seeds of disease, and implant an unconquerable craving for the fatal poison. The kitchen and the dairy, with the cheering and fragrant drinks which we owe to China and the Indies, supply every want of animal life, and keep all its springs in motion. To the doctor it speaks volumes when I say that I never sit down to table without an appetite, and never rise from bed with a headache. When I hear total abstainers designated as ascetics, I smile at the ignorant blunder, because it has always been my firm conviction that I enjoy the pleasures of the palate much more than if I had taken wine of any kind or in any quantity; and for this good reason, that the digestive organs are in a

healthier state than they would have been with that indulgence.

If examined as to my mode of life, I may humbly and thankfully say that it has been one of no small activity, at first as a pretty close student, and afterwards having taken part in the public questions and controversies that have stirred one of the most exciting periods of our history. After many years of editorial and political work, I was called, at the age of fifty-nine, to enter Parliament; where I spent fifteen years in charge of the business of a great borough, and taking interest in the concerns of the empire, through several eventful Parliaments. When I entered the House of Commons, I was told by one of my predecessors that I should not be able to go through the business without the help of wine. My judicious medical adviser knew better; he did not recommend any alcoholic drink, and only laid upon me one injunction—namely, that whatever late hours the House might keep, I should every night lie in bed seven hours. The advice was worth more to me than all the wine in the London Docks. Not one glass of wine or ale ever touched my lips; and, *in consequence—not* in spite of it, but *in consequence*, I say—I was able to do almost as much work as any man in the

House. I am perfectly certain—every organ of my body and function of my mind tell me—that I should have been much more likely to suffer from Parliamentary worry, from late hours, hurried meals, bad air, party strife, and anxious responsibilities, with wine, even in moderate quantity, than without it. I left Parliament absolutely unscathed, and all but unworn. I need scarcely say that this simple statement owes whatever value it may possess to the fact that it disproves the necessity or usefulness of alcoholic drinks to the human frame, and therefore to men in general as well as to me. For I am an ordinary and average person; I think my constitution is sound, but not particularly strong; and I am as fair a subject for experiment as Dr. Richardson himself could desire. If wine or ale were needful, as so many men and women imagine, to help them through the hours from breakfast to dinner, or through a moderate railway journey, I should have found it out long since. If these drinks were necessary to make blood, or muscle, or nerve, or sinew, or bone, I must, for want of them, have experienced constant deterioration, and by this time have wasted away. If they even imparted cheerfulness, or inspired thought, or kindled affection, I must

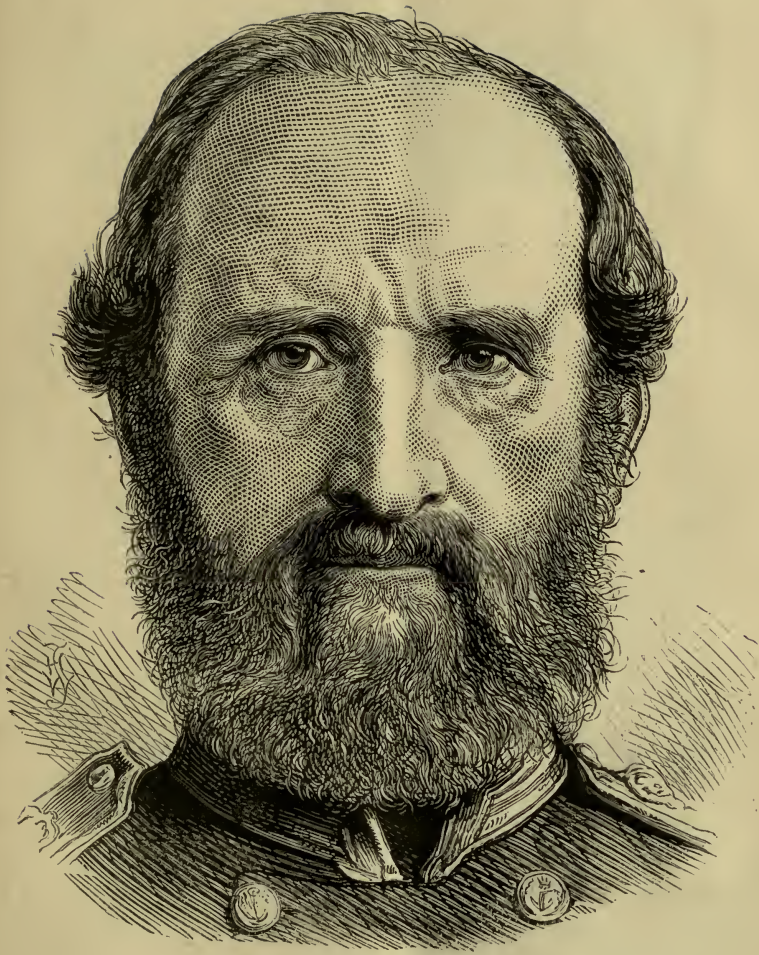
without them have dried up into a log. How can it be accounted for that, well advanced in the eighth decade of life, my pulse beats as firmly, and I walk up hill nearly as fast, and that I play with my grandchildren as merrily, as ever?

But if my testimony should be disregarded, I believe there are thousands who have abstained from liquor as long or longer than I have, and who would give the same testimony to the well-working of the regimen. And if we go to the Eastern world, we shall find hundreds of millions of life-long abstainers, and among them many of the finest races upon the earth. I have asserted, perhaps to the astonishment of the moderate drinker, that the total abstainer has more enjoyment of the palate than he could receive from the choicest wines. But he will perhaps be still more astonished if I assert that the moderate drinker is compelled to practise far more of painful self-denial than the teetotaler. Yet I do assert it unhesitatingly. If any propositions are beyond question, they are these, that wine is the most seductive of drinks, and that the thirst for it grows stronger with indulgence. Therefore, the moderate drinker, if he continues moderate, has every day to put a constraint upon himself, and

to deny himself in that which he enjoys most keenly. He is constantly tempted to go beyond moderation into excess, and without knowing the boundary line where safety ends and danger begins. He has "looked on the wine when it was red;" he has drunk of the Circæan cup; and how to tear himself from its enchantment he knows not. I put him on the horns of this dilemma. If his enjoyment of the cup is great, his danger in tasting it and his pain in leaving it are proportionately great. If, on the contrary, his enjoyment is trifling, why, for a trifling pleasure, should he run any risk at all? The abstainer, on the other hand, has never landed on Circe's isle; has never tasted her cup of sorceries; and he no more craves it than he craves a thing unthought of or unknown. Or if at any former time he should have fallen into that swinish bondage, he has now escaped; and, unless he is demented, he is too grateful for the deliverance again to dally with the sorceress, or to think of her without dread and disgust.

One word more to the moderate drinker, and I have done. By taking strong liquors, he not only continues in danger himself, but he sets an example that may be fatal to others. A professional gentleman once followed me at a temper-

ance meeting, and said that he was older than I was, yet he had lived as a moderate drinker. He thought the reply was conclusive ; but it was not. He died a moderate drinker, but I dare not tell how many of his children became confirmed drunkards. Could he have foreseen this, he would not for worlds have touched the drink. I fear there are not many families in England from which the demon of intemperance has not selected one or more victims ; and it is said that the annual sacrifice of precious lives and souls by this vice may be reckoned by scores of thousands. If this be so, is it considerate, is it humane, is it Christian, to continue the practice which leads to issues so dreadful?



ADMIRAL SIR JAMES SULIVAN, K.C.B.

## SPEECH OF

## ADMIRAL SIR JAMES SULIVAN, K.C.B.

Admiral Sir B. James Sulivan said: I feel that, though perhaps one of the oldest abstainers in our Service, I ought not to have taken the place of one who has had much more experience than myself, for this reason, that my naval career has ended for many years, during which years the greatest progress in total abstinence has been made amongst our seamen. There are some like my friend on the left, Sir William King Hall, and one I can recollect, who I wish was here, Admiral Prevost, who some years since paid off a frigate at Plymouth, with eighty officers and men teetotalers—about one-third of her crew. I cannot allude to temperance in the navy without also recalling the name of a

very dear fellow-surveyor of mine, the late Admiral Otter, who, long before the Russian War, had a large temperance society connected with his vessel on the Western Highlands of Scotland, where large numbers of the Celtic race joined in the temperance society named after his vessel. He afterwards, about twelve or fifteen years ago, paid off a vessel at Plymouth, a surveying vessel, with every officer and man in her a total abstainer. I will not refer but slightly to what we have all heard lately—the wonderful superiority in the matter of health and strength of the abstainers in the late Arctic voyage. In that, as in one or two other cases I will allude to, I wish you to see that abstainers compare favourably with the most moderate of moderate drinkers, because in those regions they only have a very small allowance of the very best and purest Jamaica rum, which is said to be one of the purest of spirits. Therefore it is impossible that the drinking could have been other than the most moderate, and yet what do we find? Some years since, when an Arctic Expedition was lost for four years, under the late Sir John Ross, they went through sufferings such as never an Arctic expedition experienced before. They were reduced at last to fall back upon the

provisions of a wrecked Arctic ship—some of the party carrying the rest on their backs, so reduced were they in health and strength. They there found ample provisions, and some of the very best naval rum that could be found in those days, which had been weakened by lying there—for it always loses its strength by keeping—and what was the result? In trying in boats to reach the whalers, they suffered unheard-of trials, and failed in their object. As the result they had to go back and pass another winter in those regions; but from the fact of Sir John Ross standing the work apparently better than the others, and he being the only abstainer among them, he suggested giving up that small allowance of rum which they were accustomed to have. Their health was so benefited by abstinence that, though it lay alongside them, they didn't take it again. At that time it seemed extraordinary how such a thing could be, because there was prevalent the old fallacy that a glass of grog warmed you; but now we know that, in those Arctic regions especially, it would be dangerous, because every drop of alcohol lowers the temperature of the body.

Then, if we go to the Antarctic regions with Sir James Ross, who was one of those who served under his uncle in the former voyage, we find this

remarkable testimony. Dr. J. D. Hooker, now the President of the Royal Society, writes thus:—"Several of the men on board our ship, and amongst them some of the best, never touched grog during one or more of the Antarctic cruises." Many had laid in for themselves large quantities of coffee, and gladly would the others have exchanged their grog for this beverage. In the same letter he says:—"I do think that the use of spirits in cold weather is generally prejudicial. I speak from my own experience. It is very pleasant at the time, for the glass of grog warms the mouth, the throat, and the abdomen; and this, when one is wet and cold, with no fire, and just before turning into damp blankets, is very enticing. But it never did me an atom of good; the extremities are not warmed by it; and when a continuance of exertion or endurance is called for, the spirits does harm, for then you are colder or more fatigued a quarter or half-an-hour after it, than you would have been without it." There is a remarkable, valuable, and disinterested testimony from Dr. Hooker, which, coming from such a man as he is, must have great weight with the general public.

I happen to know one remarkable case of the evil of medical men recommending moderate

drinking, which I will narrate. A gentleman connected with a large mercantile business, who worked his brain very much, and who had been a very moderate drinker, at fifty years of age began to show signs of an overworked brain—in fact, incipient tokens of paralysis. He was told by his medical man, "If you don't take a little more stimulant you will have a stroke of paralysis," and every now and then he was induced to take a little more. That went on for five years, when the stroke came so heavily that he nearly died. When able to be moved he was carried to a hydropathic establishment. Ten years later, when on a visit, I saw him in that establishment a healthy man at sixty-five; and two years ago I saw him again, a healthy man at seventy-five. He had never put a drop of alcohol, in any form, inside his lips from the time he had that paralytic seizure; so that while the alcohol could not prevent it, the water kept it from returning for twenty years. I will tell you another remarkable fact: six years after his first attack he had a very slight symptom of sleepless nights, which alarmed his wife. She sent for the doctor who had done him so much good before. He took him out of bed, and poured two buckets of tepid water over his head in a tub. He then had him rubbed with

a rubbing-sheet, and put him to bed, where he slept for sixteen hours without waking—and when I saw him last, which was fourteen years after he had that slight symptom, he told me that he had not had another symptom of the kind since. I believe he is now alive and well, at seventy-seven, and I should think from what I saw of him, though his hair has got white, that he is likely to live, humanly speaking, some years yet to come. I will give you a remarkable medical testimony the other way.

Some eighteen or nineteen years since, I was dining with a large party at Cheltenham. After the ladies left the table, the gentlemen began discussing this question, because I did not drink any wine, and they declared that at least elderly people could not give it up without danger, if they had been accustomed to it. There sat at the table one of the most eminent physicians in the place, but he said nothing. I did not think of appealing to him, because I thought in those days the doctor was sure to give the verdict against me. One of the gentlemen at last appealed to him. To my astonishment, he took my side, and he gave these facts as his reason. He said, "I have had for years among my patients here, old Indians, and old retired officers, and others, of

perhaps from sixty to seventy years of age, who have been invalids, and I have honestly told them that, as they had been in the habit of taking something all their lives, it would not at that time of life be safe to give it up, and therefore I encouraged their taking a moderate amount of wine. During the last few years I have seen so many of my patients that I honestly gave that advice to go to Malvern, and return in a few months looking stronger and healthier by far, that I have asked them, 'Do you take any wine?' They have replied, 'No.' I have then asked them, 'Do you feel any evil effects from not taking it?' and the reply has also been 'No'; and I have seen those men live alongside of me in better health than before; so that I cannot, as an honest man, but allow that even old men, however much accustomed to it, can give it up with benefit." That was a very rare testimony from a physician seventeen or eighteen years ago, I am afraid.

And now I would say a word about the tenfold danger of moderate drinking to females. We know that intemperance is increasing sadly amongst women, and often it has had its first beginning in the prescriptions of medical men. I have known in my own acquaintance two friends and brother officers of mine, one of very high

position, whose wives died of drink, through having first been made to take it by medical men when suffering pain, and I am sure there is, if possible, more danger (not perhaps as regards numbers) in the drinking amongst females and their influence on families than there is among men, and for this reason—all of those who know anything about the working of local temperance societies, can count the men drunkards saved by dozens and even hundreds; but ask them where they have seen a woman drunkard saved, and but one or two at the most they can speak of, if so many. Does that not show that moderate drinking is a greater danger to females than to males? I will give you one instance of that. A gentleman who took very high classical honours at Oxford, and who became a Fellow, was called to the Bar. He got quickly into practice, and became in a position to marry a lady who was considered a good match for him. His friend, from whom I heard the story, heard nothing of him for several years; but one day he received a letter from him asking him to go and see him in a lodging-house in the East of London. He found him there, dying of drink, and on that death-bed he told him this:—"I never had the slightest tendency to drink; I had a horror of it;

but after I married that beautiful girl, in whom I thought I had found such a valuable wife, I found she was a secret drunkard, and her drinking drove me to drink. She is dead, and now you see me dying." I think such an incident as this is enough to show the dreadful danger of moderate drinking to females as well as to men.

## SPEECH BY

## REV. H. S. PATERSON, M.D.

The Rev. H. Sinclair Paterson said: Having the courage of my convictions, and believing as I do in the endurance of total abstainers, I rise at this late hour to make a speech. Permit me to say that it has been my belief for a number of years, that there is no absolutely certain method by which we can banish national drunkenness except by the method of national total abstinence, whether voluntary or compulsory. Now, the question just rests entirely on that simple fact—the question that we meet to discuss to-night. If we are prepared to allow drunkenness to continue, then we may accept moderate drinking as a right

REV. H. SINCLAIR PATERSON, M.D.

and proper thing; but if we are resolved, if this country is in earnest, if Christian men and philanthropists are decidedly of one mind in this matter, that drunkenness should cease, then we ought to set ourselves with united heart and life against all moderate drinking, for there is nothing surer than that drunkenness follows in the wake of moderate drinking. There are some who are able to continue moderate drinkers throughout a long life, but there are others, as any physiologist can tell us, who cannot continue in that particular state. They must either be abstainers or drunkards; and so long as we have this practice of moderate drinking condoned or allowed by the Christian Church, so long must we every year and every generation have a certain number of drunkards. I think I would have met the difficulty which you, sir, have encountered in a rather different way. I must confess that I am somewhat sceptical about the numerous cases in which men have lived to extreme old age whilst indulging in drinking habits, and I certainly would not admit a single case unless I had good evidence placed before me. But supposing that I accept such cases as are printed in the public journals from time to time of men who have been "three-bottle men,"

and "four-bottle men," and have lived to the age of eighty, or ninety, or 100 years, what does it prove? It proves that drunkenness is safe if it proves anything, These are not cases in support of moderate drinking, but cases in support of drunkenness, and that is entirely aside from the question to-night. No physiologist would listen to any such cases as any proof of the safety of drunkenness for a single instant. They are out of court.

Now allow me to say that the true state of the question as it presents itself to my mind is this: Is moderate drinking safe, and is it right? The question of the rightness and the safety of total abstinence is not before us. I venture to say that there are very few indeed, now, who would dare to call in question the one or the other. Total abstinence is both safe and right. Those of us who are and continue to be total abstainers can never be drunkards, and we are at perfect liberty to put on or keep off our tables whatever we please. If I, for instance, find it is not good to use intoxicating drinks, surely no one can quarrel with me if I choose not to use them; but the question is—and let moderate drinkers understand it—is *moderate drinking safe, and is it right?* They are on the defensive—not we. They have

to make good their position—not we. Matters are changed very markedly, and after the testimony to which we have listened to-night, I think no one here can fail to perceive that it must be difficult to find good reasons why moderate drinking should still continue. I cannot argue against likings. I can venture to stand up against arguments and answer them, but likings! —no, I cannot deal with them. If people like to drink moderately, let them say so, and let them continue to do so in the face of the fact that they are extending drunkenness into the next generation and into all coming generations who follow their example; but if we are to deal with them as reasonable men, let them produce their strong reasons that we may examine them in the light of common-sense and of experience. They say they do not want to be ascetic, forsooth: they do not want to be dull and stupid as we total abstainers are. Ah! we do not need to dull our memories or to deaden our consciousness before we begin to get merry; they do. We do not require to stupefy ourselves before we can enjoy ourselves, because there are thoughts and feelings that must be kept in check, otherwise we cannot give the animal spirits fair and free play. Asceticism! We do not need any help to our

enjoyment. We are able to enter upon the possession of the whole field of gladness that God has given to us, and we know, for we have proved it, that the will of God is good and perfect and acceptable.

I was very much interested in Dr. Richardson's cases of moderate drinking. The least of them was three ounces of alcohol per day. We used to hear some years ago that two ounces was the limit that could be safely taken, and that as far as appeared any one might take two ounces without damage; but it would appear that three ounces is the lowest limit to which our moderate drinkers in many cases condescend to come. Well, I venture to make this statement, that, although there are thousands of moderate drinkers who do keep within the limits of what any physiologist would call temperance; that is to say, they do not lose their reason, they do not confuse or stupefy their brains by the excessive use of this poison, still there are many—and I won't give the percentage, because I don't want to be thought uncharitable—who are in the habit of drinking moderately, who once a year, or once in their lifetime, do get beyond the limit of moderate drinking into what physiologists would call drunkenness. A total abstainer cannot do

that without ceasing to be a total abstainer. We can shake ourselves free entirely from all connection with this sin—not that we are sinless, the Lord knoweth, but in regard to this sin we have no participation in it. I was going to make this observation in regard to the two ounces—viz., the thought has been expressed repeatedly that within that limit there is no marked appearance of mischief. Now, do not all physicians know that there is soil required as well as seed in order to the manifestation of disease: that not only must you have the particular exciting cause brought to bear upon the patient, but also that there must be a preparedness and an adaptation within the body for that exciting cause, and that in a great many instances you have the seeds of disease or the exciting causes of disease present, and yet because the patient who subjects himself to these causes has no soil to give the seed lodgment he escapes unharmed. We venture to say, as Sir Henry Thompson has already said in his celebrated letter, that moderate drinking is one of the most frightful preparers of the soil: that it does it perhaps insensibly, but surely, gradually, not perceptibly, because slowly and steadily the soil is being produced into which the seed in due time falling manifests its power by its de-

structive harvest and fruitage. Now, that can only be avoided by our ceasing to use these drinks. I wonder our sanitary reformers have not thought of this. Some of them have. I do not mean to say, for instance, that Dr. Richardson has not done so; but while they are taking so much care in other directions to secure us against infectious disease, why should they not endeavour to extirpate the preparedness into which the seeds fall and spring up to yield such awful and such abundant returns?

"But," it is said, "there is no *apparent* mischief done by two ounces daily." I found a very curious thing the other day in the *Lancet*, which is one of the oldest and most respectable of our journals. If I recollect rightly, many of the medical papers not many years ago said that we ought not to reason upon anything within those limits of two ounces, because nothing within them could do harm; only where it begins to show marked harm have we any right to call in question the usefulness of the substance taken. You know that only a few days ago the question was raised as to the rightfulness or wrongfulness of the adulteration of certain substances with salts of copper. These salts give a beautiful green colour to the article, and make it look much

more palatable than it would otherwise do, and it was argued that such a small quantity of copper could not possibly do any harm. Here is what the *Lancet* says :—

"It is just now, curiously enough, a vexed question how much copper—a foreign and, under certain conditions, poisonous substance, with which preserved peas are adulterated, to impart a fine green colour to the article—may be taken by the consumer without actual injury. This is a novel mode of looking at the subject. How much lead can be introduced into hair-dyes without afflicting those who use them with lead-colic or lead-palsy? How much arsenic may be spread over wall-paper without seriously affecting those who inhabit apartments in which such deleterious decorations are employed? How long may a man go on eating dishes poisoned with minute doses of antimony before he succumbs? Common-sense suggests that it would be wise to eliminate poisons such as lead, arsenic, antimony, and copper from our food, especially when they are only required for colouring purposes. We think it would be well if the law simply registered and applied the dictates of common-sense."

Long live the *Lancet*. Only let me add alcohol, and I subscribe heartily to the whole of

the statement. I wonder if our friends who have talked so much about the innocuousness of alcohol, when it does not produce these marked effects, will just apply this kind of reasoning (which appears to me to be, as the writer terms it, common-sense) to alcohol, as they do to the other things.

If I may venture to speak longer to the meeting, there is one other point—the moral point—which I think is of exceeding great importance. We are bound, I take it, to set a right and a true example in regard to this matter as well as all others, and it has been said in very high quarters, to which I generally—not always—pay the utmost respect, for I never respect error, no matter from what source it comes—though oftentimes it is unconsciously and unintentionally uttered—it has been said by some persons that moderate drinking is a better and far nobler thing than total abstinence. Aye! it has been said by very wise men, men wiser than some of us—although we do not choose to agree with this particular statement—men whose motives cannot be questioned, and who are earnest and true, and in regard to whom I desire to speak with the utmost reverence and charity—it has been said by them that moderate drinking is a

nobler and a better thing than total abstinence. Well, it may be that a man who can take intoxicating drinks within certain limits, and who never does allow himself to exceed these limits, is a nobler and a better man than one who cannot, and who therefore must either abstain or exceed, although I would not like to claim that as my title to nobility, for I would think it sounded suspiciously like this:—"Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou," and I would always pray to remember that I have nothing I have not received, and that if my nervous system or will is stronger than that of my neighbour I ought not to boast of myself or to despise him. But suppose it to be true that these men are nobler and better in their ability to use intoxicating drinks than others who cannot take them without abusing them; let me remind them that they are not dealing with the facts of the case in instituting this comparison. The comparison is not between the moderate drinker and the drunkard, but between *the moderate drinker and the voluntary abstainer.* Many of us could drink moderately if we chose, though we prefer to abstain for the sake of our fellow-men. I dare them to say that *their* conduct is nobler than *ours.* Our conduct is the conduct

of Christ and of Paul, and of all the martyrs and the host of men who have borne testimony by self-denial and self-sacrifice for the sake of others from the beginning until this good hour. Let the question be fairly stated, and there can be no doubt as to where the nobility and betterness is to be found.

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. . . .
Consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

## Votes

### of Thanks to the Speakers.

Mr. Samuel Bowly said: It would not only be bad taste, but bad policy, to attempt to keep this meeting at this late hour. I think we have had as much food as almost any of us can properly digest, and what I desire is that those who are here should digest that food, and ask God to give them light upon their judgment upon it to-morrow. Every man who drinks says to all around him, "Drink is safe and drink is proper." You cannot escape the position of exercising an influence by your example in some condition of life or other; and I am therefore desirous that everybody should feel whether it is not his duty in the sight of God to set an example which will be safe to himself

and for all around him. When I adopted this principle forty-one years ago, I believed I was making a little sacrifice of my enjoyment; and I do not know anything, I trust, of the patriotism, or benevolence, or duty, that is not prepared to make some sacrifice for the well-being of the human family; but, instead of making any sacrifice, I find I have reaped nothing but benefit. After forty-one years of total abstinence I stand here, at seventy-five, as well able to do my work as I was then. I have saved largely in pocket, and I am quite sure I have lost nothing in true enjoyment. Beyond that, I have had abundant satisfaction in the good that God has enabled me by my example to do. I shook the hand of a man only a few days ago, who said, "It is pleasing to shake hands with one's father; it's thirty-nine years ago since you convinced me of total abstinence, and I have to thank God for it." Why, my friends, if I had made a home happy for thirty-nine years, it is pay enough for all I have ever done. But now, my friends, I have only one more word to say. I honour, and respect, and esteem those men who, when they have discovered physical or scientific truth, are prepared to declare it in the face of all the prejudice around them. I do not hesitate to say that our admirable chairman,

Sir Henry Thompson, and Dr. Richardson, are entitled to the gratitude of this whole country; for I believe it will be found that their evidence upon this matter of alcohol will be quoted by those that are yet unborn. We are only now, as it were, in the commencement of this movement. I began when the thermometer was below the freezing-point. We are now getting to a temperature when the seeds that we have sown are beginning to grow and to look beautiful; and I have faith to believe that as the Sun of Righteousness shines down upon us, and the rain-dew of God's mercy falls upon us—in a very short time we shall be able to point to a harvest of happy homes and happy hearts through this meeting. May the day speedily come, my dear friends; may the blessing of God rest upon our labours; and now I will simply ask you to record your vote of thanks to our valued chairman for his courage in taking the chair on this interesting occasion.

Vice-Admiral Sir Wm. King Hall, K.C.B.: Ladies and gentlemen, I think I may congratulate our chairman upon the representative platform that we have here. Here we can all meet, whatever our differences upon other points. I will not

detain you long; but with regard to our venerable friend and commander-in-chief, Mr. Samuel Bowly, the president of the National Temperance League, I will mention one circumstance. He may remember a young fellow coming up to him when he was at Plymouth before he started by the Great Western Railway to return home. That young fellow signed the pledge. He subsequently went to Coomassie as a teetotaler, and returned as a teetotaler, he being my son-in-law. Now I think as we are all here—soldiers, sailors, and everybody—if we put ourselves under his command, wearing the good old-fashioned Quaker's hat and coat, and marched through the Strand with all those whom he has made teetotalers by his example and influence, we should have as big a fair as on the Lord Mayor's Day. My part is to second the vote of thanks to Sir Henry Thompson for so ably presiding this evening. I was told that a great number of people are under a complete misapprehension as to the object of this meeting. They have said, "The teetotalers have changed their plans; they are going to take to moderate drinking." That was actually told me. "The teetotalers," it has been said, "find it don't answer, and now they are going to throw themselves into the arms of the moderate drink-

ers." That is a mistake, as I hope you will show by all going away teetotalers.

The motion was carried by acclamation.

The CHAIRMAN, on rising to respond, was received with loud applause. He said: I have first to thank your venerable president, as well as Admiral Hall, for the very much too flattering allusions they have made to me. I have next to thank you most cordially for the indulgence you accorded me during those prefatory observations I addressed to you, and furthermore I only will say that in that preface I promised you a very handsome, a rich, and well-furnished volume, and I ask—Am I not as good as my word? Offer, then, your thanks to those gentlemen who have advocated the cause so admirably to-night, and now, when you have done that, I will declare the meeting closed.

Dr. RICHARDSON: Before we part, there is one vote of thanks which is most richly deserved, and that is a vote of thanks to the man who has organised this great meeting, and who is ever organising meetings in the great cause of temperance and of the National Temperance League. I propose a cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Rae.

The CHAIRMAN: I will second that, and put it to the meeting.

The motion was carried unanimously.

Mr. RAE, who was received with a hearty cheer, said: I am very much obliged to you for the unexpected compliment that has been paid to me, and can assure you that you can best discharge any obligation you feel you owe to the National Temperance League and to myself by working energetically in the cause which we have met to advance; and if there are any present who have not become total abstainers we should be glad to receive their names, their sympathy, and their support.

The meeting then closed shortly before ten o'clock.

# CATALOGUE

OF

# ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON:

S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

# ILLUSTRATED PERIODICALS.

New Penny Periodical. With numerous Engravings by first-class Artists.

## WEEKLY WELCOME.

The Articles are by popular Authors, and are suitable for the entertainment of both young and old. A page of Music, in both Notations, appears in every number, which will be found serviceable as singing lessons. A superb steel Engraving will usually be added as a frontispiece to the monthly parts.

Weekly numbers, One Penny, Monthly Parts, Sixpence.

The new Half-yearly volume (Jan. to June, 1877), may be had, cloth, plain, 5s., gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

The Volume for 1876 may be had in three bindings—paper covers, 7s. 6d.; cloth, 10s. 6d.; and cloth gilt edges, 12s.

One Penny Monthly, Fourpence Quarterly. New Series.

## THE FAMILY FRIEND.

Vol. for 1876. Covers printed in colours, 1s. 6d.; Cloth, 2s.; Gilt, 2s. 6d. each. Illustrated by First-class Artists. With Narratives and Articles for Fathers, Mothers, Children, and Servants. A piece of music, suitable for the Family or the Nursery, in each number. Printed on toned paper. Volume for 1875 still on sale.

In Numbers, Monthly, One Halfpenny.

## BAND of HOPE REVIEW.

With Full-page Pictures. The Yearly Part for 1876, with cover printed in colours, price 1s.; Cloth, Gilt Edges, 2s. The Second Series (1861 to 1865; 1871 to 1875), in Two Volumes, Cloth 5s. Gilt 6s. each.

All the Yearly Parts from the commencement (1851) are at present on sale.

In Numbers, Monthly, price One Penny.

## BRITISH WORKMAN.

With Full-page Pictures. The Yearly Part for 1876, with cover printed in colours, price 1s. 6d.; Cloth, Gilt Edges, 2s. 6d. Many of the Yearly Parts are at present kept on sale.

In Numbers, Monthly, price One Penny.

## CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

With Full-page Pictures. The Yearly Volume for 1876, with cover printed in colours, price 1s. 6d.; Cloth, 2s.; Gilt Edges, 2s. 6d. each. A piece of music suitable for Children appears in each number.

Volumes 1862 to 1875 are at present kept on sale, in three sorts of binding, as above.

In Numbers, Monthly, price One Penny.

## INFANT'S MAGAZINE.

With Full-page Pictures. The Yearly Volume for 1876, with cover printed in colours, 1s. 6d.; Cloth, 2s.; Gilt Edges, 2s. 6d. A piece of music appears in each number.

The Volumes from 1867 kept on sale, in three sorts of binding, as above.

In Numbers, Monthly, price One Penny.

## FRIENDLY VISITOR.

Illustrated. A Magazine for the Aged. Printed in bold Type. The Yearly Volume for 1876, coloured cover, 1s. 6d. Cloth 2s.; Gilt Edges 2s. 6d.

Volumes from 1867 in three sorts of binding, as above.

# FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, LIBRARIES, Etc.

## A BUNCH of CHERRIES,

Gathered and strung. By J. W. Kirton. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

## ANECDOTES FOR THE

Family. Being a selection of interesting Anecdotes, suitable for the Social Circle.

## LIFE of JAS. McCURREY,

The. Edited by Mrs. Balfour. Cl., 2s. 6d.

## MORNING DEW-DROPS;

or, The Young Abstainer. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. A revised and Illustrated Edition of this most valuable Temperance Book for the Young is just ready. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

## LEAVES FROM the TREE

of Life. By Rev. R. Newton, D.D. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

**ILLUSTRATED ANECDOTES** and Pithy Pieces of Prose and Verse. Compiled by T. B. S. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth plain, 2s. 6d.

**GERARD MASTYN**; or, The Son of a Genius. By E. H. Burrage. With Illustrations, cloth, 2s. 6d.

**NATURE'S MIGHTY** Wonders. By the Rev. Dr. Newton. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

**RAYS FROM THE SUN** of Righteousness. By the Rev. Dr. Newton. With numerous Illustrations, cloth, 2s. 6d.

**THE BEST THINGS.** By the Rev. Dr. Newton. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

**THE KING'S HIGHWAY.** By the Rev. Dr. Newton. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

**THE SAFE COMPASS,** and How it Points. By the Rev. Dr. Newton. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

**BIBLE JEWELS.** By the Rev. Dr. Newton. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**BIBLE WONDERS.** By the Rev. Dr. Newton. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**THE DAIRYMAN'S** Daughter. By the Rev. Legh Richmond, M.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Gilt, 2s. 6d.

**THE GREAT PILOT and** His Lessons. By the Author of "The Giants, and how to fight them." Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**ILLUSTRATED SABBATH** Facts; or, God's Weekly Gift to the Weary. Reprinted from the "British Workman." Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**The LITTLE WOODMAN** and his Dog Cæsar. By Mrs. Sherwood. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**"PUFFING BILLY" and** the Prize "Rocket;" or, The Story of the Stephensons and our Railways. By Mrs. H. C. Knight. Cloth plain, 1s. 6d.

**RILLS FROM the FOUNTAIN** of Life. By the Rev. Dr. Newton. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**DIVINE AND MORAL** Songs. By Dr. Watts. Cloth, 1s.

**The GIANTS; AND HOW** to Fight them. By the Rev. Dr. Newton. Cloth, 1s.

**JENNY'S GERANIUM;** or, the Prize Flower of a London Court. Cloth, 1s.

**JOE and SALLY**; or, a Good Deed and its Fruits. By the Author of "Grumbling Tommy." With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

**JOHN ORIEL'S START IN LIFE.** By Mary Howitt. With many Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

**A MOTHER'S STORIES** for her Children. By the late Mrs. Carus Wilson. Cloth, 1s.

**"NOT A MINUTE TO** Spare." A Thought for the Times. By S. Clarence. With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

**PRINCE CONSORT, The** late. Reminiscences of his Life and Character. By Rev. J. H. Wilson. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

**SNOWDROPS**; or, Life from the Dead. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

**TOIL AND TRUST**; or, Life Story of Patty, the Workhouse Girl. By Mrs. Balfour. Cloth, 1s.

**WIDOW GREEN AND** her Three Nieces. By Mrs. Ellis. Cloth, 1s.

**NO WORK, NO BREAD.** By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer." With Illustrations. Cloth, 6d.

**THE PEARLY GATES.** By Mrs. C. Rigg. With Illustrations. Cloth, 6d

**WILLIE TURNER, THE** Cripple; or, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." By Mrs. Fry. Cloth, 6d.

# TEMPERANCE.

*(Many of these are suitable for Sunday School Libraries.)*

**A BUNCH of CHERRIES.** Gathered and strung by J. W. Kirton, Esq., Author of "Buy your own Cherries." Cloth, 3s. 6d.

**MORNING DEW-DROPS;** or, The Young Abstainer. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. A revised and Illustrated Edition of this most valuable Temperance Book for the Young is just ready. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

**LIFE OF JAMES M'CURREY, The.** Edited by Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

**THE FOUR PILLARS OF** Temperance. By the Author of "Buy your own Cherries." Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**ILLUSTRATED TEMPERANCE** Anecdotes; or, Facts and Figures for the Platform and the People. Compiled by the Editor of the "British Workman." 1st and 2nd series. Cloth, 1s. 6d. each.

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND** Temperance Tracts. Illustrated. Assorted packets, 1s. Nos. 1 to 18.

**CLUB NIGHT:** A Village Record. By Mrs. Balfour. Cloth, 1s.

**COME HOME, MOTHER.** A Story for Mothers. Cloth, 1s.

**COUSIN BESSIE:** A Story of Youthful Earnestness. Cloth, 1s.

**DIGGING A GRAVE** with a Wine Glass. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Cloth, 1s.

**FRANK SPENCER'S** Rule of Life. By J. W. Kirton, Author of "Buy your own Cherries." Cloth, 1s.

**MODERATE DRINKING** Containing the Speeches on the above subject by Sir H. Thompson, F.R.C.S.; Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S.; Rev. Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.; Edward Baines, Esq.; Admiral Sir James Sulivan, K.C.B.; and Rev. H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D. With Portraits of the above Speakers. Cloth, 1s. Without Portraits and first three Speeches only, paper cover, 4d.

**NOTHING LIKE EXAMPLE.** By Nelsie Brook. With Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

**PARISH DIFFICULTY** and its Remedy. By K. Ashley. Cloth, 1s.

**PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY** of a Shilling. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Cloth, 1s.

**WANDERINGS OF A** Bible, and My Mother's Bible. Cloth, 1s.

**THE BLACK BULL.** By the Widow of a Publican. A Story for the Times. Cloth, 6d.

**"BUY YOUR OWN** Cherries." Prose Edition. By J. W. Kirton, Esq. Cloth, 6d.

**"BUY YOUR OWN** Cherries." Versified from the original Edition. Cloth, 6d.

**Christopher THORPE'S** Victory. A Tale for the Upper Classes. By Nelsie Brook. Cloth, 6d.

**JOHN WORTH;** or, The Drunkard's Death. Cloth 6d.

**NO WORK, NO BREAD.** By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer." With Illustrations. Cloth, 6d.

**PASTOR'S PLEDGE.** By Rev. William Roaf. 6d.

**ELIZABETH COMSTOCK'S** Address. 2d.

**JIM LINEHAM's HAPPY** Blunder. 2d.

**HOW RACHEL HUNTER** bought her own Cherries. 2d.

**HISTORY and MYSTERY** of a Glass of Ale. By the Author of "Buy your own Cherries." 2d.

**GOOD FRUIT."** With Cover, 2d.

**"HE DRINKS."** With Cover, 2d.

**"NOT A DROP MORE,** Daniel." With coloured cover. 2d.

**OLD BOOTS.** 2d.

**TOTTIE'S CHRISTMAS** Shoes. 2d.

**WILLIAM AND MARY;** or, The Fatal Blow. By Mrs Ellis. 2d.

**BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES.** By J. W. Kinton. 1d.

**CLERGYMAN'S REASONS** for Teetotalism. 1d.

**FAMILY PLEDGE CARD.** 1d.

**PUT ON THE BREAK,** Jim! 1d.

## KINDNESS TO ANIMALS, Etc.

**OUR ZOOLOGICAL** Friends. By Harland Coultas. Cl., 6s.

**ANIMALS AND THEIR** Young. By Harland Coultas. With Full-page engravings. Cloth, 5s.

**STORIES ABOUT** Horses. With numerous Full-page Illustrations. Cloth, 5s.

**BIRDIE AND HER DOG;** and other Stories of Canine Sagacity. With numerous Illustrations. Cl., 3s.6d.

**NATURAL HISTORY** Picture Roll. Consisting of 31 Illustrated Leaves, with simple large type Letterpress, suitable to hang up in the Nursery, Schoolroom, &c. Price 3s.

**OUR DUTY to ANIMALS.** By Mrs. C. Bray, Author of "Physiology for Schools," &c. Intended to teach the young kindness to animals. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; School Edition, 1s. 3d.

**A MOTHER'S LESSONS** on Kindness to Animals. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Series. Cloth, 1s.; Limp, 6d. each.

**CLAIMS OF ANIMALS.** A Lecture on the duty of promoting kindness to the Animal Creation. In large type, with Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

**KINDNESS to ANIMALS.** By Charlotte Elizabeth. With numerous illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

**POOR BLOSSOM.** The Story of a Horse. By E. H. B. With many Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

**DICK and HIS DONKEY;** or, How to Pay the Rent. Cloth, 6d.

**LITTLE FAN.** Cloth, 6d.

**ONLY A LADYBIRD.** Cloth, 6d.

**RICHARD BARTON;** or, The Wounded Bird. Cloth, 6d.

**"WHOSE DOG IS IT?"** or, the Story of Poor Gyp. With Illustrations. Cloth, 6d.

**OLD JANET'S CHRISTMAS** Gift. An interesting Story of a Donkey, Coloured Cover, 2d.

**ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.** With Cover, and full of Illustrations. 1d. each.

1. Anecdotes of Horses.
2. Anecdotes of Dogs.
3. Anecdotes of Donkeys.
4. Neddy and Me.
5. Blackbird's Nest.
6. On the Management of Horses.
7. The Brother Drovers.
8. Kind-Hearted Ralph.

**ANIMALS' FRIEND** Sheet Almanac. Annually. 1d.

**HALFPENNY BOOKS.**

Kindness to Animals.
Peter's Pets.
"Only for Fun."
The Useful Donkey.
Mercy to Animals.
Emma's Visit to the Country.
The Chaffinch's Story.
The Sparrow's Sermon.
Bobby and the Birds.
The Feathered Friends.
Annie and the Butterfly.
Roland, the Champion.

**ILLUSTRATED FLY** Leaves. 2s. 6d. per 100.
No. 87. A Plea for the Birds.

**ILLUSTRATED WALL** Papers. 1d. each.
No. 11. A Plea for the Donkey.
,, 23. A Plea for the Birds.
,, 38. Horses and their Masters.
,, 51. The Shoeing Forge.
,, 52. Robin and the Railway Guard.
,, 59. How to Manage Horses.
,, 68. Our Little Feathered Friends.
,, 72. The Cow's Complaint.
,, 73. Man's Noble Friend—The Horse.
,, 74. A Royal Society.
,, 77. The Costermonger.
,, 85. Anecdotes of Elephants.

## FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

**OUT AT SEA:** A Few Simple Ballads addressed to Sailors. Cl., 6d. & 1s.

**BEN AND HIS MOTHER.** By Mrs. Carus Wilson. Cloth, 6d.

**ARTICLES OF WAR:** A Dialogue between two Soldiers. 3d.

**NED STOKES, THE MAN-o'-War's Man.** By Agnes E. Weston. 3d.

**"HE DRINKS!"** With cover, 2d.

**"THE DRUMMER BOY."** With Cover, 2d.

**DOES IT ANSWER.** 1d.

**RIGHT ABOUT FACE.** 1d.

**GOING ALOFT.** 1d.

## FOR WORKING MEN.

**ILLUSTRATED PENNY Readings:** being Twelve Separate Readings in each Series, In Packets or Paper Covers. First, Second, and Third Series, 1s. each; cloth, 1s. 6d.

**SPARKS FROM THE** Anvil. By Elihu Burritt. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**NEVER GIVE UP.** A Christmas Story for Working Men and their Wives. By Nelsie Brook. Cloth, 1s.

**NOTHING LIKE EXAMPLE.** By Nelsie Brook. With engravings, Cloth, 1s.

**THE BEST MASTER;** or, Can Coachmen have their Sundays? By the Author of "Household Proverbs." Cloth, 6d.

**THE BLACK BULL.** By the Widow of a Publican. A Story for the Times. Cloth, 6d.

**"BUY YOUR OWN Cherries."** By J. W. Kirton, Esq. Cloth, 6d.

**LOST IN THE SNOW;** or, The Kentish Fisherman. By Mrs. C. Rigg. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 6d.

**"BRITISH WORKMAN"** Series of Tracts. Intended for circulation amongst the Working Classes. 2d. each.

1. Darby Brill
2. The Carpenter's Speech
3. The Sailor's Parrot
4. Tom Carter's Way of Doing Good
5. The Last Customer
6. Going Aloft
7. "Right about Face!"
8. John Harding's Locket
9. He Drinks
10. Doing his Duty
11. Good Fruit
12. The Bent Shilling
13. The Drummer Boy
14. Inch Auger
15. Split Navvy
16. Put on the Break, Jim
17. Taking up of Barney O'Rourke
18. The House that John Built
19. Articles of War
20. Little Sam Groves
21. Poor Man's House Repaired
22. Richard Harvey
23. Only one Glass
24. How Rachel Hunter, &c.
25. Robert Gray Mason
26. My Mother's Gold Ring
27. The Emperor's Proclamation.
28. The Sign of the Fox.
29. John Jarvis
30. Elizabeth Comstock's Address
1. The Polite Postmaster
32. The Home Concert

**COLOURED TRACTS.** Twenty pages. With coloured Cover, 2d. each.

1. Buy your own Cherries
2. Matthew Hart's Dream
3. Old Janet's Christmas Gift
4. A Little Child shall lead them
5. The Last Penny
6. Out of Work
7. John Stepping Forth
8. The Independent Labourer
9. Bought with a Price. By A. L. O. E.
10. Bethlehem
11. The Three Bags of Gold
12. The Hidden Foe. By A. L. O. E.
13. No Work, No Bread
14. Light in the Bars
15. Tramp's Story
16. Thady O'Connor
17. The Shadow on the Door
18. Fisherman's Shagreen Box
19. Going Down Hill
20. Not a Drop more, Daniel
21. Mike Slattery
22. The Holly Boy.
23. Melodious Mat
24. Blind Mary of the Mountain.
25. Old Boots.
26. Tottie's Christmas Shoes.
27. Died at his Post.
28. Jim Lineham's Happy Blunder.
29. The Emperor's Proclamation

**WORK AND WAGES.** By J. W. Kirton, Author of "Buy your own Cherries." 2d.

**BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES.** Prose. By J. W. Kirton. 1d.

**PUT ON THE BREAK,** Jim! 1d.

**ILLUSTRATED WALL** Papers. Reprints in large type from the "British Workman." For the Walls of Workshops and Schools, Ships' Cabins, Barbers' Shops, &c. One Penny each. And done up in One Shilling packets, containing twelve numbers. Five Shilling packets containing Nos. 1 to 60.

1. "No Swearing Allowed"
2. Bob, the Cabin-Boy
3. "Swallowing a Yard of Land"
4. "Knock off those Chains"
5. "He stands Fire!"
6. Fisherman and Porter
7. "Will Father be a Goat?"
8. Man with a Cross on his Back
9. John Maynard, the Brave Pilot
10. My Account with Her Majesty
11. A Plea for the Donkey
12. Preparing for the Flower Show
13. Gin Shop
14. Thomas Paine's Recantation
15. Oil and Stewed Eels
16. The Blue Jacket's Sampler
17. Buy your own Cherries
18. Fred Harford's Great Coat
19. Reduced to the Ranks
20. Musical Coal Man
21 The Fool's Pence
22. "What's that to Me?"
23. A Plea for the Birds
24. A Pledge for a Pledge
25. The First Snowdrop
26. The Losings Bank and the Savings Bank
27. Mike Donovan's Looking Glass
28. John Morton's New Harmonium

29. On the Look-Out
30. The "'Tis Buts" Box
31. The Prodigal Son
32. The Christmas Arm Chair
33. The Village Gleaner
34. The Ambitious Blacksmith
35. My First Ministerial Difficulty
36. Something to Show fer your Money
37. Stop! Mend your Buckle
38. Horses and their Masters
39. The Parable of the Sower
40. Jack and the Yellow Boys
41. The Christmas Sheaf
42 Discontented Pendulum
43. The Life Boat
44. Providence will Provide
45. Celebrated Italians
46. Dust Ho!
47. A Plea for Washerwomen
48. The Nativity
49. The Name in Gold Letters
50. John Rose's Freehold
51. The Shoeing Forge
52. Robin and Railway Guard
53. In the Far Country
54. Canute's Rebuke
55. Tom Carter's Way of Doing Good
56. The Two Gardeners
57. Dip your Roll in your Own Pot
58. Our Christmas Tree
59. How to Manage Horses
60. Home-Coming of Darby Brill
61. Scripture Patchwork Quilt
62. Michael Donovan
63. "That's Thee, Jem"
64. The Secret of England's Greatness
65. My Uncle's Life Motto
66. Should Museums be Opened on Sundays?
67. Where are you going, Thomas Brown
68. Our Little Feathered Friends
69. Tim's Oration
70. Live and Let Live
71. The Story of a Violin
72. The Cow's Complaint
73. Man's Noble Friend—The Horse
74. A Royal Society
75. Hints for Working Men
76. The Well-to-do Cabman
77. The Costermonger
78. Eric, the Russian Slave
79. Herrings for Nothing
80. Died at his Post
81. Conditions of Sale
82. The Emperor's Proclamation
83. The Brazen Serpent
84. The Polite Postmaster
85. Anecdotes of Elephants

**JEFFREY THE MURDERER.** By the Rev. G. W McCree. 1d.

**PROVIDENCE ROW**; or, The Successful Collier. By Rev. T. H. Walker. 1d.

**SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.** A Vision of the Night. 1d.

**SUNDAY ON "THE Line;"** or, Plain Facts for Working Men. 1d.

**"BRITISH WORKMAN"** Placards. Adapted for Workshops, &c., 1d.; coloured, 3d. each. Nos. 1 to 14. Nos. 1 to 12 done up in packets, 1s. If an order be sent with 14 stamps, the complete Set will be forwarded post free.

## BOOKS FOR BOYS.

*(See also Temperance, etc.)*

**JACK THE CONQUEROR**; or, Difficulties Overcome. By the Author of "Dick and his Donkey." Cloth, 5s.

**MORNING DEWDROPS**; or, The Young Abstainer. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour, with Illustrations. Cl., 3s. 6d.

**GERARD MASTYN**; or, The Son of a Genius. By E. H. Burrage. With Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

**THE LITTLE WOODMAN** and his Dog Cæsar. By Mrs. Sherwood. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s. 6d.

**"PUFFING BILLY"** and the Prize "Rocket"; or, The Story of the Stephensons and our Railways. By Mrs. H. C. Knight. Cloth, plain, 1s. 6d.

**VIGNETTES OF AMERICAN** History. By Mary Howitt. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**FRANK SPENCER'S** Rule of Life. By J. W. Kirton, Author of "Buy your own Cherries." Cloth, 1s.

**JOE AND SALLY**; or, A Good Deed and its Fruits. By the Author of "Grumbling Tommy." With illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

**JOHN ORIEL'S FIRST** Start in Life. By Mary Howitt. With many Illustrations. Cloth. 1s.

**"NOT A MINUTE TO** Spare." A Thought for the Times. By S. Clarence. With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

**NO GAINS WITHOUT** Pains: A True Story. By H. C. Knight. Cloth, 1s.

**WILLY HEATH AND** the House Rent. By William Leask, D.D. Cloth, 1s.

**DICK and HIS DONKEY**; or, How to Pay the Rent. Cloth, 6d.

**STORY OF TWO APPRENTICES.** The Dishonest and the Successful. By the Rev. J. T. Barr. Cloth, 6d.

**SCRUB, THE WORKHOUSE Boy.** By Mrs. Balfour. 6d.

**THE TINY LIBRARY.**
Books printed in large type. Cloth, 6d.

1. Hot Coals
2. The Golden Rule
3. Grandpapa's Walking-Stick
4. Honesty the best Policy
5. Silver Cup
6. Short Stories
7. Brave Little Boys
8. Ben and his Mother
9. Little David
10. Richard Barton; or, The Wounded Bird
11. Little Jim, the Rag Merchant
12. Curious Jane
13. Jenny and the Showman
14. Little Fan
15. Broken Window
16. Letty Young
17. Matty and Tom
18. The Orphans
19. John Madge
20. Philip Reeve
21. Henry Harris
22. £1 and £10,000
23. Brave Little Tom
24. Ella's Rose-bud
25. The Pedlar's Loan
26. Milly's New Year
27. Only a Ladybird
28. The First False Step
29. Richard Shaw
30. He would not Think

**WILLIE TURNER, THE** Cripple; or, "Safe in the Arms Jesus." By Mrs. Fry. Cloth, 6d.

**A LAD WITH A GOOD** Character. 1d.

**ORPHAN BOY**; or, How Little John was Reclaimed. 1d.

**SON OF MY FRIEND.** 1d.

**JUVENILE LIBRARY.**
Small books containing Stories for Children. Well Illustrated. Nos. 1 to 84. One halfpenny each; and may also be had in assorted Sixpenny Packets, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G.

1. Fear of Ridicule
2. The Two Nests
3. Little Helpers
4. Anecdotes of Dogs
5. The Two Bears
6. Questions with Answers
7. Beautiful Garment
8. The Bird's Nest
9. The Organ Boy
10. Lessons on Kindness
11. Spring Flowers
12. True Duncan
13. Bread cast upon the Waters
14. Greek Testament
15. Brave Sailor Boy
16. "You Can't Straighten It."
17. Child Colporteur
18. Boy that could be Trusted
19. The Golden Star
20. What a Blind Child can Do
21. Be Truthful
22. Child's Resolution
23. Soldier and Princess
24. Have you a Winter Garden?
25. Trembling Eyelid
26. Willie Harris
27. The "Cry" Boy
28. Troublesome Joe
29. The Tell-Tale

30. John Reynolds
31. Pleasures of the Country
32. Bennie Wilson's Anti-Society
33. Robert, The Stone-thrower
34. Little Frank and Old "Dobbin"
35. True Bravery
36. Nellie Lindsay
37. A Youthful Hero
38. The Clever Boy
39. Little Hugh's Tool-Box
40. Try Company
41. Remarkable Answer to Prayer.
42. What Echo Said
43. Girl at the Well
44. Juvenile Inquiries
45. The Young Cadet
46. Elijah in the Desert
47. Greedy Bill
48. A Happy New Year
49. "Please, Sir"
50. Young Sailor
51. Horses from the Wood
52. Little Bertha
53. White Feather of Peace
54. Helping Father to Garden
55. Indian Chief
56. Christmas Tree
57. It Rains
58. Young Patriot
59. "With a will, Joe'
60. Letter to Little Boys and Girls
61. Young Drummer's Patchwork Quilt
62. Poor Boy who became a great Painter
63. Little Gleaner
64. Pincher's Friend
65. Help a Fellow-Creature
66. Bargain with the Pump
67. Bridal Wine-cup
68. Plymouth Boatman
69. True and False Courage
70. Be kind to your Mother
71. What the Birds say
72. Ministry of Flowers
73 Kindness to Animals
74. Peter's Pets
75. Only for Fun
76. The Useful Donkey
77. Mercy to Animals
78. Emma's Visit to the Country
79. The Chaffinch's Story
80. The Sparrow's Sermon
81. Bobby and the Birds
82. The Feathered Friends
83. Annie and the Butterfly
84. Roland, the Champion

# BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

**BIRDIE AND HER DOG;** and other Stories of Canine Sagacity. with numerous Illustrations. Cl., 3s. 6d.

**THE DAIRYMAN'S** Daughter. Cloth, 1s. 6d., gilt, 2s. 6d.

**COME HOME, MOTHER!** A Story for Mothers. By Nelsie Brook. Cloth, 1s.

**COUSIN BESSIE.** A Story of Youthful Earnestness. Cloth, 1s.

**THE GOVERNESS;** or, The Missing Pencil Case. Cloth, 1s.

**JENNY'S GERANIUM;** or, The Prize Flower of a London Court. Cloth, 1s.

**JESSIE DYSON.** A Tale for the Young. By John A. Walker. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

**JOE AND SALLY;** or, A Good Deed and its Fruits. By the Author of "Grumbling Tommy." With illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

**LUCY BELL'S FIRST** Place. A Story for Domestics. Cloth 1s.

**MIND WHOM YOU** Marry; or, The Gardener's Daughter. By the Rev. C. G. Rowe. Cloth, 1s.

**MOTHER'S STORIES for** Her Children. By Mrs. Carus Wilson. Cloth, 1s.

**ROSA;** or, The Two Castles. By Miss Bradburn. Cloth, 1s.

**SNOWDROPS**; or, Life from the Dead. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

**THE GIANTS**: and how to Fight them. By Rev. Dr. Newton. Cl., 1s.

**PROCRASTINATING** Mary. A Story for Young Girls. 6d.

**THE TINY LIBRARY.** See "Books for Boys."

**TOTTIE'S CHRISTMAS** Shoes. 2d.

**THE PEARLY GATES.** By Mrs. C. Rigg. With Illustrations. Cloth, 6d.

**ON DRESS.** By the Rev. John Wesley. 1d.

**CARLETTA.** No. 10 of the Earlham Series. ½d.

**'DOES YOU LOVE GOD?'** No. 31 of the Earlham Series. ½d.

## FOR KITCHEN LIBRARIES.

**THE DAIRYMAN'S** Daughter: An Authentic Narrative. By the Rev. Legh Richmond, M.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s. 6d.

**GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD** Wives, and Happy Homes. By the Rev. T. H. Walker. Cloth, 1s. 6d

**BIBLE PATTERN OF A** Good Woman. By Mrs. Balfour. Cloth, 1s.

**CLIFF HUT**; or, The Perils of a Fisherman's Family. Cloth, 1s.

**LUCY BELL'S FIRST** Place. A Story For Domestics. By Nelsie Brook. Cloth, 1s.

**MIND WHOM YOU** Marry; or, The Gardener's Daughter. By the Rev. C. G. Rowe. Cloth, 1s.

**TOIL AND TRUST**; or, Life Story of Patty, the Workhouse Girl. By Mrs. Balfour. Cloth, 1s.

**WIDOW GREEN AND** Her Three Nieces. By Mrs. Ellis. Cloth, 1s.

**SCRUB**; or, The Workhouse Boy First Start in Life. Cloth, 6d.

**ADDRESS TO YOUNG** Servants, especially to those just entering Service. 3d.

**A MESSAGE FROM** Whitechapel, or, Scenes in a London Hospital. By Augustus Johnstone. 3d.

## FOR THE NURSERY, Etc.

**THE NURSERY FAVOURITE.** 130 engravings. Cloth, 5s.

**MY DARLING'S ALBUM.** A Companion Volume to "My Pet's Album," 130 Illustrations. Cloth, 5s.

**MUSIC FOR THE NURSERY.** Revised by Philip Phillips, the "Singing Pilgrim." A Collection of Fifty of the Sweet Pieces for the "Little Ones" that have appeared in the "Infant's Magazine," etc. Handsomely bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.

**THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE Roll.** Consisting of 31 Illustrated Leaves, with large-type letterpress, suitable to hang up in the Nursery, Schoolroom, etc. Price 3s.

**NATURAL HISTORY** Picture Roll, Consisting of 31 Illustrated Leaves, with simple large-type letterpress, suitable to hang up in the Nursery, Schoolroom, etc. Price 3s.

**SONGS AND HYMNS** for The Little Ones. Compiled by Uncle John. With numerous Engravings. New edition. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

**IMPORTANT TRUTHS** in Simple Verse. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**KITTY KING.** A Book for the Nursery. With full-page engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**RHYMES WORTH REMEMBERING.** Cloth, 1s.

**THE TINY LIBRARY.** Books printed in large type. Nos. 1 to 30. Cloth, 6d. each.

1. Hot Coals
2. The Golden Rule
3. Grandpapa's Walking Stick
4. Honesty the best Policy
5. Silver Cup
6. Short Stories
7. Brave Little Boys
8. Ben and his Mother
9. Little David
10. Richard Barton; or, the Wounded Bird
11. Little Jim, the Rag Merchant
12. Curious Jane
13. Jenny and the Showman
14. Little Fan
15. Broken Window
16. Letty Young
17. Matty and Tom
18. The Orphans
19. John Madge
20. Philip Reeve
21. Henry Harris
22. £1 and £10,000
23. Brave Little Tom
24. Ella's Rose-bud
25. The Pedlar's Loan
26. Milly's New Year
27. Only a Ladybird
28. The First False Step
29. Richard Shaw
30. He would not Think

**JUVENILE LIBRARY.** Small Books containing Stories for Children. Well Illustrated. Nos. 1 to 84, One Halfpenny each, and may be had in assorted Sixpenny Packets A, B, C, D, E, F, and G.

## AGAINST SMOKING.

**WHAT PUT MY PIPE OUT;** or Incidents in the Life of a Clergyman. Cloth, 1s.

**WHAT'S THAT TO ME?** Number 22 of the Illustrated Wall Papers. 1d.

**Mr. COLLINS AND THE SMOKER.** No. 65 of the Illustrated Fly Leaves. 4d. per dozen.

## THE SABBATH, Etc.

**THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR;** or, Selections from Pious Authors. Cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

**ILLUSTRATED SABBATH Facts;** or, God's Weekly Gift to the Weary. Reprinted from the "British Workman." Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**THE BELIEF.** Printed in Colours on Cartridge Paper. 22 by 15. 4d.

**IS HALF BETTER THAN** the Whole? A Conversation about Sunday Trading. 1d.

**SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.** A Vision of the Night. Price 1d.

**"SUNDAY ON THE LINE;"** or, Plain Facts for Working Men. Price 1d.

**THE SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAIN.** By the Rev. Dr. Leask. 1d.

**THE WEEKLY REST DAY SERIES.** Small crown 16mo. Tracts, with Illustrations. ½d. each.

1. Should Museums be Opened on Sundays? | 2. Live and Let Live.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**HALF-HOURS with the** Kings and Queens of England. Containing short sketches by W. H. G. Kingston, and portraits drawn by Edward Hughes, from the best authorities in the British Museum, of each Monarch. Cl., gilt edges, 10s. 6d., plain cl. 7s. 6d.

**FOUR SERMONS.** By the Rev. John Wesley. Cloth, plain, 6d.

**THE ROD and ITS USES;** or, Thomas Dodd and Bill Collins. By the Author of "My Flowers." Cloth, 6d.

**READINGS FOR THE** Drawing-room and Lecture Hall. Well printed with cover. Price 4d.

1. The Learned Jew
2. Dan, the Boy Bishop

**TWO IRISH SCENES.** 3d.

**CHIMNEY SWEEPERS** and their Friends. By R. P. Scott. 1d.

**ELECTION PAPERS.** 16 pp. Tracts written by various Authors. 1d. each.

1. Don't Sell your Birthright
2. Ned Biddle's Teasers
3. How shall you Vote?
4. I'll Vote for You
5. Honest Voter

**"GOD SAVE the GREEN."** A Few Words to the Irish People. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 2d.

**BETHLEHEM.** A Little Narrative for Christmas. 1d.

**GOING HOME FOR** Christmas. 1d.

**HOW to GROW a PLANT** and Win a Prize. 1d.

**ON THE USE of MONEY.** By Rev. John Wesley. 1d.

**ON REDEEMING THE** Time. By Rev. John Wesley. 1d.

**SAM ADAMS, Welch.** 1d.

**HALFPENNY ILLUSTRATED** Books. 32mo. An assorted packet may be had, containing one of each of Nos. 1 to 24, price 1s.

**FOREIGN "BRITISH** Workman." Printed in the following languages. 1d. each number.

| | |
|---|---|
| Malagasy .. .. .. | No. 1 |
| German .. .. .. | ,, 1—2 |
| Dutch .. .. .. .. | ,, 1 |
| Spanish .. .. .. | Nos. 1—17 |
| Italian .. .. .. | ,, 1—4 |
| French .. .. .. | ,, 1—12 |
| Polish .. .. .. .. | ,, 1—3 |
| Norwegian .. .. .. | ,, 1—2 |
| Portuguese .. .. .. | ,, 1 |
| Russian .. .. .. | ,, 1 |

Spanish, Vol. 1, coloured cover, 1s. 6d.

**FRENCH "CHILDREN'S** Friend." Nos. 1 to 8. 1d. each number.

**FOREIGN "INFANT'S** Magazine." Printed in various languages. 1d. each number.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| German .. .. .. .. | No. | 1—2 |
| French .. .. .. .. | ,, | 1—8 |
| Italian .. .. .. .. | ,, | 1 |
| Spanish .. .. .. .. | ,, | 1—8 |

**JACOBI BEN ISRAEL,** the Learned Jew. In Hebrew. Paper cover and gilt edges.

**FOREIGN ILLUS-** TRATED Wall Papers. Printed in the following languages. 1d. each.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Malagasy .. .. .. | Nos. | 1 |
| Maori .. .. .. | ,, | 1 |
| Italian .. .. .. | ,, | 1—2—4 |
| Welsh .. .. .. | ,, | 1—2 |
| Spanish .. .. .. | ,, | 1—2 |
| Persian .. .. .. | ,, | 1 |
| Chinese .. .. .. | ,, | 1—3 |
| Hawaiian .. .. .. | ,, | 1 |
| French .. .. .. | ,, | 1—8 |
| Fijian .. .. .. | ,, | 1—2 |
| Hebrew .. .. .. | ,, | 1 |
| Turkish .. .. .. | ,, | 1 |
| Urdu .. .. .. | ,, | 1—2 |
| Tamil .. .. .. | ,, | 1—2 |
| Hindi .. .. .. | ,, | 1—2 |

**FIVE SHILLING** Packets of Back Numbers of any of the following Illustrated Periodicals may be had as under, being less than half-price :

Weekly Welcome Packet, 125 copies, 5s.
British Workman Packet, 125 copies, 5s.
Children's Friend Packet, 125 copies, 5s.
Friendly Visitor Packet, 125 copies, 5s.
Band of Hope Review Pkt., 250 copies, 5s.
Infant's Magazine Packet, 125 copies, 5s.
Family Friend Packet. 125 copies, 5s.

The above charges do not include the cost of carriage, and only refer to Back Nos. Please be careful to order "Back Nos. Packets."

**ILLUSTRATED FLY-** LEAVES. Four-page Reprints from the "Friendly Visitor," "British Workman," &c. Specially commended to Tract Distributors, Sunday-school Teachers, &c.

1. Providence will Provide
2. Poor Joseph
3. A Remarkable Contrast
4. Doing things on a Large Scale
5. Patched Window
6. A Thoughtful Wife
7. Daily Teachings
8. A Crown ; or, Does it Pay?
9. Railway Guard
10. Old Uncle Johnson
11. The Debt is paid
12. Please, Sir, will you Read it?
13. Please, Father, Come Home Early
14. Rees Pritchard and the Goat
15. The Beaten Carpet
16. Blue Cart with the Red Wheels
17. Secret of England's Greatness
18. Uncle Anthony
19. Blind Mary
20. Niff and his Dogs
21. The Singing Cobbler of Hamburg
22. Hunter's Home, &c.
23. That Great Fountain
24. Losses by Religion
25. Officer and the Verse on the Wa
26. What's This?
27. The Infidel Officer
28. The Singing Carpenter
29. Alone with God
30. Old Sailor and the Bible Reader
31. A Lady and the Card Players
32. The Windmill's Defect
33. The Singing Pilgrim
34. Thomas Brown
35. Five "Wadmen" in Workhouse
36. "There, you've gone over it!"
37. "Father, don't go"
38. Hold! Fire if you dare!"
39. The Great Spirit
40. The Weekly Day of Rest
41. Sailor's Funeral
42. Aunt Bessy's Proverb
43. Auction at Sea
44. Gooseberry Basket
45. Sea-boy's Story
46. Sunday Morning's Dream
47. Jack and the Yellow Boys
48. Albatross and the Soldier
49. Turning Point
50. Scripture Patchwork Quilt
51. Dark Without, Light Within
52. Michael Donovan
53. Old Deist
54. Dr. Ely and the Old Negress
55. How can these things be?

56. Blind Cobbler
57. The Reprieve
58. A Little Child shall Lead Them
59. Wilt Thou Use or Abuse thy Trust?
60. No Swearing Allowed
61. The Soldier in the Cell
62. A Prodigal's Return
63. "Does you love God?"
64. Jim Lineham's Happy Blunder
65. Mr. Collins and the Smoker
66. Yeddie's First and Last Communion
67. Meeting of Chimney Sweepers
68. How John Ross began to Kneel Down
69. A Life for a Life
70. Pull out the Staple!
71. A Happy Change; or, Good for Trade
72. John Brown, the Sensible Gravedigger
73. Twopence a Day, and what it accomplished
74. A Gentle Reproof
75. "Will Father be a Goat, Mother?"
76. The Collier's Widow
77. Lost! Lost!
78. The Five Steps
79. The Door in the Heart
80. The Richest Man in the Parish
81. A Prodigal Restored
82. The Lost Sheep
83. John Morton's New Harmonium
84. Losings' Bank and Savings' Bank
85. Buy your own Cherries
86. Harry's Pint; or, Threepence a Day
87. A Plea for the Birds
88. The False Pilot and the True One
89. Swallowing a Yard of Land
90. Sceptic and Welsh Girl
91. The Logic of Life
92. The Life Preserver
93. The Lawyer's Son; or, the Changed Family
94. The Plunge into the River
95. The Sceptic and the Minister
96. "I will Knock Again"
97. Ned Stokes, the Man-o'-War's-Man
98. The Two Gardeners
99. The Weaver's Lamp
100. The French Nobleman and Physician
101. Herrings for Nothing.
102. The Heart made Captive.
103. Died at his Post.
104. Bob the Cabin Boy.
105. The Bible better than Pistols
106. The Emperor's Proclamation
107. The Reclaimed Sceptic
108. "Have you got the Shilling?"
109. The Man who Swallowed Three Brick Fields and Eight Houses
110. "Thank you, Captain"
111. The Speaking Tile
112. Say your Prayers in Fair Weather

These Illustrated Fly-Leaves may be had through any Bookseller, or from 9, Paternoster-row, London, at the rate of 2s. 6d. per 100, or in an assorted packet, 2s. 6d.; or in shilling packets, in two volumes, cloth, 1s. 6d. each; gilt edges, 2s. 6d., containing 40 assorted numbers in each, and complete volume 1 to 100, cloth plain, 4s. 6d.; gilt edges, 6s.

---

## ALMANACS.

**ANIMALS' FRIEND** Almanac. With costly Engravings and Letterpress. 1d.

**BAND OF HOPE ALMA-**NAC. With costly Engravings and Letterpress. 1d.

**BRITISH WORKMAN** Almanac. With costly Engravings and Letterpress. 1d.

**EVERYONE'S ALMA-**NAC. 16 pages. 4to. With numerous Engravings. 1d.

---

**NEW ENVELOPE** Series. Packet A, containing Nos. 1 to 12, price Sixpence

1. "That's thee, Jem"
2. Richest Man
3. England's Greatness
4. "The Debt is Paid"
5. Patchwork Quilt
6. The Life Preserver
7. Gentle Reproof
8. "Hold! Fire, if you Dare!"
9. Blind Mary of the Mountain
10. Tubb's Watch
11. Conditions of Sale
12. How to use Money

# THE EARLHAM SERIES.

16-page Illustrated Tracts, well printed on good paper, suitable for presentation both rich and poor. In assorted packets A, B, C, and D, 6d. each.

SPECIMEN OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

SPECIMEN OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

CONTENTS OF PACKETS A, B, C, AND D (12 NOS. EACH.)

1. The Singing Cobbler
2. The French Nobleman
3. "I will Knock Again"
4. Michael Donovan
5. The King's Messenger
6. The Best Weapon
7. "Will Father be a Goat
8. The Logic of the Life
9. Eric the Slave
10. Carletta
11. The Two Voyages
12. "Knock Off those Chains."
13. "Herrings for Nothing"
14. Astonished Infidel
15. Old Moses
16. Yeddie's First and Last Communion
17. Life Preserver
18. Singing Carpenter
19. Sunday Morning's Dream
29. "Hold! Fire, if you Dare!"
21. Died at his Post
22. Patchwork Quilt
23. "The Debt is Paid."
24. Bob, the Cabin-Boy.
25. That's thee Jim!
26. Richest Man in the Parish.
27. Ransomed Slave
28. Blind Mary of the Mountain.
29. General Taylor
30. Poor Joseph
31. Does you Love God
32. Solomon's Quarry
33. Speaking Tile
34. Old Jack Sibley
35. The Secret of England's Greatness.
36. Have You got the Shilling.
37. The Emperor's Proclamation
38. "Thank you, Captain"
39. The Prophet's Warning
40. The Conscript's Substitute
41. The Snow Track
42. The Empty Cradle
43. The Reprieve
44. Losses by Religion
45. Donald's Success
46. The Broken Buckle
47. The Indian's Speech
48. Two Strong Men